JOHN BULL, *January* 13, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 827. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1923. TWOPENCE.

*Edited by* CHARLES PILLEY

3D SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jagers Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GET IT REFILLED
3 per lb Cheaper

## The Red Scare

by A. G. GARDINER

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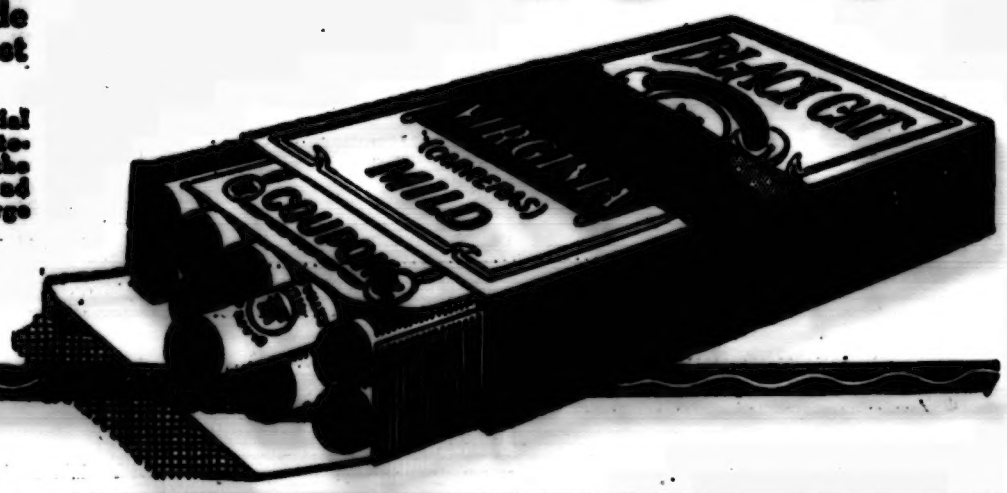
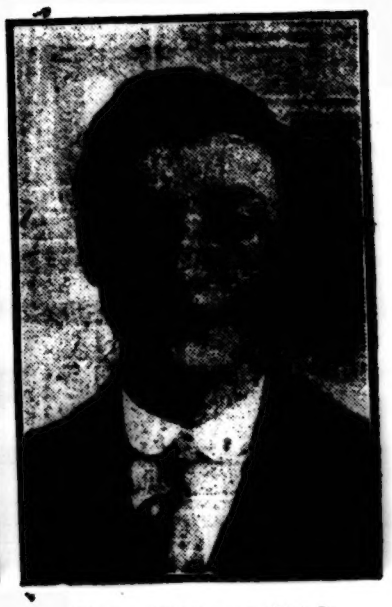


Miss A. Potter, 24, Chain Walk, Birchfield, Birmingham, who earns £12 15s. od. in one week as a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative.



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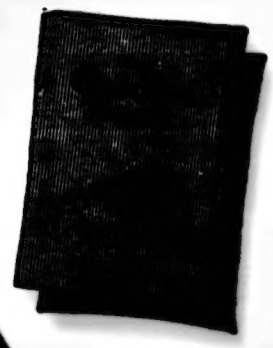

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*Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.*

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***Owing to the great demands on our space this week we are only able to publish a portion of the long list of claims paid under "John Bull's" Great Free Home Insurance. The list is steadily growing. Are you insured?***

**FIRE.**

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SWANSEA.—H. BEDDOWS, 55, St. Hemelens Road.
GLASGOW.—Miss. MCCLUSKY, 87, Northwoodside Road.
MOTHERWELL.—C. MCSHANE, 133, Windmillhill.
CARDIFF.—R. OWEN, 77, Richard Street.
WARRINGTON.—A. WOOD, 59, Fox Street.
BRISTOL.—F. SHEPPARD, 60, Sandwell Road.
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PINNER.—T. BARBER, Rose Cottage, The Chase
ENFIELD.—MR. WICKS, 9, Stannard Road
CLAPHAM.—A. JOHNSON, 437, Wandsworth Road.
CLITHEROE.—E. ROYLE, 1, Alma Place
YORKS. — J. ASHWORTH, 19, Melbourne Street.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. — W. H. TURNER, 57, Borden Piece.
ISLINGTON.—W. CRICHTON, 32, Edinburgh, Essex Road.
SILVERTOWN.—J. H. CLARK, 20, Arthur Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—N. CONWAY, 90, Meriden Street.
IRELAND.—M. DONNELBY, Shambles, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.
PONTYPRIDD.—C. JENKINS, 4, Central Buildings, Trallwn.
SOUTHSEA.—L. THOMSON, 57, St. Augustine Road.
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ABERDEEN.—L. MACKIE, 31, Duff Street.
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NR. ROTHERHAM.—C. T. GENNARD, 7, Ethel Street, Eastwood View.
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BRISTOL.—W. T. J. BRENT, 29, St. Johns Crescent, Victoria Park.
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EDMONTON.—M. TOVINS, 22, Roys Road.
WALLASEY.—G. GOULDEN, 28, Barrington Road, Seacombe.
E. 14.—A. J. BOULTON, 400, Grosvenor Buildings, Manisty Street.
NOTTS.—G. C. DRAPER, 1, Mellors Row, Hucknall.
S.W.—Mrs. ARMFIELD, "Alde House," Thornton Road.
EDINBURGH.—W. F. GIBSON, Hardin Place.
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LEEDS.—A. Lynch, 45, Portland St., Gt. George St.
DUBLIN.—F. B. JOULE, "Bancroft," Mount Tallant Avenue, Terenure.
NOTTS.—H. ROBINSON, 16, Victoria Street, Ironville.
HULL.—Sanderson, 35, Dryden St.
LIVERPOOL.—J. PARRINGTON, 13-15, Clarendon Rd., Edge Hill.
TOOTING.—Mrs. A. WHEATLEY, 53, Alston Road.
FIFESHIRE.—W. Page, 20, Rossend Avenue, Burntisland.
WIMBLEDON.—W. HAYES, 11, Gap Road.
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SMETHWICK.—H. HODGKINS, 7, Linden Road, Bearwood.
SHEFFIELD.—R. MORRISON, 77, Station Rd., Darnall.
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BRISTOL.—W. LEE, 94, Oak Road, Horfield.
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LIVERPOOL.—E. BOWEN, 16, Dingle Grove.
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**STORM.**

BRIGHTON.—L. MEADEN, Melbourne Dyke Road, Preston.

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PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. A. YOUNG, 22, Havant Street, Portsea.
DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. E. FAULER, 45, Priory Road, Alfreton.
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READING.—A. M. EWINS, 81, Addington Road.
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SHEFFIELD.—M. A. BYRNE, 135, Broad Oakes, Attercliffe.
CAMBS.—Mrs. A. BAKER, The Rose and Crown, Cottenham.
HASTINGS.—Miss E. E. PRATT, White Cottage, Ore, Old London Rd.
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COLEFORD.—Mrs. E. M. ANGROVE, Sunnyside, Milkwall.
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AMMANFORD.—M. ALLAN, 12, Trefriw Terrace, Pennybank.
GOREBRIDGE.—J. Bruton, 30, Dundas Terrace, Arniston.
NEW ROSSINGTON.—C. Brailsford, 6, Deacons Crescent.
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MON.—Mrs. E. COOK, 9, William St., Cwmfelinfach, Ynysddu.
PUTNEY.—T. SEGGER, 6A, Olivette Street.
WILTS.—T. A. NASH, 71, Curzon St., Calne.
SHEERNESS.—Mrs. L. WILKINS, 24, Sheppey Street.
BECCLES.—Mrs. TRUNDLE, 6, Ballygate.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—S. WHARTON, 34, Market St., Kidsgrove.
RHONDDA.—J. L. JONES, 34, James Street.
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STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. M. SALT, 10, Whalley Street, Burslem.
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SOUTH WALES.—Mrs. E. WILKINSON, 2, Derby Terrace, Westre.
LEEDS.—M. CALVERT, 15, Stockdale Terrace, Institution St., Woodhouse.
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*Forms on page 26.* ***Sign Now!***

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ADD to your weekly earnings by selling in spare time Boots, Clothing, Household Drapery, Lino, Carpets, etc. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply to Freemans, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

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ALL kinds of polish saved by using Perfecta Polibores. No troublesome lids. Doubles life of polish. Post free, 1/-. Agents wanted. Wholesale supply Association, County Chambers, Martineau Street, Birmingham.

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### DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 32, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

### MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

### GARDENING.

SEED, Plant, Rose and Fruit Tree Catalogue now ready. 100,000 given away; send for yours. Apple Trees, 1/- each; Roses, 9d.; Peas, 6d. pkt.; Beans, 6d. pkt.—Letts & Son, Growers, 80, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

SEEDS, Pedigree Strains, Keenest Prices, Government germination guaranteed. Scotch Seed Potatoes, Edwards, Scots, 10/- cwt.; Shallots, 14-lb, 9/6. 64-page Cat. free. Bulbs, Roses, Fruit Trees, Tools, Ellison's W. Bromwich.

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CATARRH, Bronchial Troubles, Asthma and Allied Complaints positively cured by "Actina." Write for booklet and details of trial offer.—Actina Co., Dept. A11, Nelson Chambers, High Street, Birmingham.

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52 (MT Company, R.A.S.C., Aldershot.—Annual Dinner, January 11, 1923. Ex-Service and ex-civilian employees. Tickets 5/6. Secy., Annual Dinner, Coln. No. 6 (MT Coy., R.A.S.C., Thorahill, Aldershot.

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**Tobacco Habit Conquered in a Day.**

A customer writes: "Your treatment is simply splendid. I was cured in one day, and have now lost all craving completely." Thousands of others have proved how easy it is to master the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for descriptive booklet and particulars of this genuine Treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room 4B., Racton Rd., London, S.W.6.

# A 6 Guinea All Wool Blue Serge Suit (To measure) for £3-10-0

*Indigo, Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed 100%*

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***THE FINEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN THE TAILORING WORLD.***

**Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual experience of clothes building.**

***Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made.***

**"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL."**

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## The Live Wire

OFTEN referred to as "The Young Spark" —he's so full of life. "What's he been up to now?", "What will he do next?" we query. But we like him, or rather "love him," that way—full of health and vigour.

HE WILL FIND PLENTY OF SCOPE FOR HIS ENERGIES IN HIS WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

In our world of to-day the least we can do is to give him a healthy lead.

Encourage him in healthy pursuits throughout the day—from the use of Lifebuoy Soap in the bathroom first thing in the morning, until he returns that way last thing at night, so that he lays a clean tho' tired body down to rest.

*Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.*

*Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.*

*The name* LEVER *on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

# LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 867.
Week ending Saturday,
Jan. 13, 1923. Twopence

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*For the People——*
*the Right to Justice and Truth,*

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

## The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*

**Oil Troubles the Waters.**

The oil of Mosul and the coal of the Ruhr seem likely to dash the hopes of the New Year.

**France.**

The plain fact is that France desires safeguards against the risk of invasion, and if she cannot obtain these in the form of guarantees from her friends, she must perforce demand them in the shape of iron sanctions against her foes.

**Once Again.**

Marshal Foch is opposed to a military occupation of the Ruhr. Not the first time that the practical soldier has shown more commonsense than the politician.

**Get a Move On!**

There are 200,000 unemployed in the building trades—and thousands are still vainly seeking houses. That State Housing Scheme must be produced as soon as ever Parliament meets.

**Summon Parliament!**

And we consider there is enough urgent business waiting to necessitate Parliament being summoned *now*. Public needs demand action, not vacations.

**Bonar will Stick It.**

There is to be no tranquillity for the Government next Session, but those who predict that the Prime Minister will not stay the course will find they are wrong.

**Is it the Same?**

Mr. Lloyd George's friends are slyly explaining that they have no complaint against Mr. Bonar Law's policy so far, because there has been no change.

**No War!**

Whatever happens at Lausanne, there must be no talk of war on any pretext whatever. The Government would do well to bear in mind what happened to their predecessors who ignored the people's will on this matter.

**A Plain Hint.**

The Government are finding it extraordinarily difficult to discover "safe" seats for Ministers defeated at the polls. They are beginning to realise that the people meant what they said.

**If You See It——!**

Opium smuggling is on the increase. If the authorities at Scotland Yard continue to read John Bull carefully, there will soon be a change.

**Stop It!**

The Government must not be allowed to scrap the Trade Boards. They are still the only protection for a good many badly organised and sweated workers.

**Sanity Returning.**

The Indian Nationalist Congress has rejected a proposal to boycott British goods. Evidently counsels of reason are beginning to prevail over firebrand nonsense.

**Muddle—**

There are three official languages in Palestine—English, Arabic and Hebrew. Few Jews know anything about this latter. The expense is enormous. What a muddle!

**—And Mystery.**

And why is Great Britain governing Palestine at all? The mandate does not become operative till peace has been signed with Turkey. Thus is mystery added to muddle.

**Brotherly Love!**

The Secretary of the French Communists has resigned from the Party owing to internal dissension. Dear us! How these "comrades" do love one another!

**Now's Their Chance.**

The Government Committee of Inquiry now taking evidence regarding the price of milk and vegetables has a chance to stop some post-war profiteering that has long been a scandal.

**Cause and Effect.**

In 1920 the tax on beer brought £123,000,000 to the Exchequer. This year it is doubtful if the Chancellor will receive £90,000,000. The same old story—high taxes mean reduced revenue.

**Not Much Like Poverty.**

Germany has no money for reparations or indemnities, but colossal sums are being spent on rebuilding and enlarging her banks. And as banks mean money, it seems a plain hint to the Allies.

**Easy Honours.**

The man in the street is developing strong views on the subject of honours. For example, it is being asked why Civil Servants, who are well paid for comfortable routine work, should receive titles and decorations as a matter of course.

**Modern Slaves.**

Twenty-six shillings for a 48-hour week in these days is slavery. Somebody on the Tailoring Trade Board needs waking up.

**Perfect!**

Six million pints of champagne were consumed in Berlin on New Year's Eve. We should hate to insult the intelligence of our readers by commenting on this statement.

**Do It!**

The proposal to introduce an irritant into coal gas would not only safeguard sleepers, but would immediately check the growing number of suicides by this method.

**A Good Move.**

The all-round reduction in railway rates is a step in the right direction. Cheap transport is the first essential for prosperous trade and cheaper living.

**The Same Thing!**

We are not in the least surprised to learn that the Russian State industries are being run at a heavy loss. Bolshevism and Bankruptcy are synonymous terms.

**Legislation Needed.**

The increasing number of motor accidents makes it imperative that every applicant for a licence should have to undergo tests for physical fitness and driving skill.

**Why the Delay?**

The abolition of *visas* on passports to Spain draws attention once more to the need for abolishing altogether passports and irritating travel restrictions between all Allied countries.

**Female Limpets.**

When Parliament reassembles we hope someone will make it his business to enquire why so many girls are being retained at the Pensions Ministry while ex-Service men are being dismissed.

**Long Overdue.**

Many people who need mental treatment shrink in horror from the thought of an asylum. The creation of two special wards and an out-patients' clinic at the Middlesex Hospital is a long-needed innovation.

**Tell Us.**

The arrival of the remarkable all-metal German aeroplane at Croydon makes us want to know what steps are being taken to prevent Germany dominating the world's airways—as she is planning to do.

**Courage Saves a Crew.**

The "Speedwell" ran ashore in a storm on a deserted coast of the Bay of Biscay and broke in two. The crew of 17 clung to the wreckage through Christmas night. A British seaman named John McGivney, aged 20, then plunged into the sea, made for the hidden shore with a life line, reached it and so saved his mates. Twenty years, and 17 lives saved, is a fine record.

**Hogmanay Harshness.**

Sheriff Campion, of Ayr, no doubt enjoyed his Hogmanay undisturbed by thoughts of the desolate outlook of the little girl of eleven whom he had just sent to an industrial school. She was accused of going into a shop and said her mother had sent her for a pair of woollen gloves, and for this he condemned her to the merciless system that manufactures so many criminals. Puir wee lassie!

**A Mean Skunk.**

Frank Stanley Naylor, a blouse manufacturer, is a callous rascal who has no right to a place in decent society. Although married and living with his wife and two children at Upper Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, he won the affections of a young woman at Leeds, and led her on to spend £200 in preparations for their wedding. When the guests assembled at the church he did not appear. His mean conduct cost him £300.

**Who's the Man?**

What a shocking tragedy was revealed in Westminster Police Court in the charge against Fred Miller and his wife! Their 15-year-old child was about to become a mother; yet because of the shame and their poverty they did not provide medical attendance. The child died, and the parents were bound over in £10. But what about the father of that child's child? He goes free, and nobody even advertises his name!

**Boy Suicide's Worry.**

Juvenile suicides are alarmingly on the increase. What could be more pitiful than the story of Albert Ernest Whitehouse, a sixteen year-old boy employed at the Sparkhill Co-operative Stores, Birmingham? He lay in front of a train because his manager had reprimanded him for failing to account for a trivial sum. It is a thousand pities that a promising young life should be thrown away over such a trifle.

**Mother's Misplaced Magnanimity.**

The value of a good mother is beyond the price of rubies, but the goodness of the mater of Joseph Shaw, a Mansfield miner, seems undeservedly lavish. Shaw's wife had to pawn the bedding to get food for herself and child, because her husband would not work. His too indulgent mother, it was stated, provided him with his food, tobacco and cigarettes. Shaw should be kept—with his "nose to the grindstone."

**The Iron Hand.**

The Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron & Coal Co., Ltd., have chosen an unfortunate moment for enforcing payment of ground rents from their worker tenants. A miner sends us their demand for eighteen months' ground rent, amounting to £1 17s. 6d., accompanied by a threat of legal proceedings and a warning that the property is liable to forfeiture. And the poor fellow has been out of work for nearly two years through the closing down of one of their own collieries!

**Scotland.**

Although the Scots are a canny folk, Aberdeen is the only British port where German trawling business proves a success. Last year the Huns landed £132,641 worth of fish there. "Stands Scotland where it did?"

**Death Rather Than Borstal.**

Florence Hunt, a young domestic servant charged at Highgate with theft was remanded by the magistrate at the Sessions for transference to Borstal. On hearing the sentence the girl cried, "I shall do myself in before I submit to it. I would sooner die." That death should be preferred to an institution established in the name of humanity calls for investigation.

**Romance or Tragedy?**

Robert Stephen Fitzgerald, of Whittington, near Oswestry, and his wife Mary are now living apart. He is an elderly man. She is a child of sixteen years, yet the mother of a ten-months-old baby. No old man's darling is such a wife, and there is no romance about it when she has to go into a workhouse to give birth to her baby. Such a marriage is an outrage, and ought never to have been solemnised.

## *Our Net Sales*

LONDON,
*5th January*, 1923.

The Directors,
ODHAMS PRESS Limited,
Long Acre, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the issues of JOHN BULL for the month of December, 1922, and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Issue dated* | *2nd* | *Dec. 1922* | *507,091* |
| " | *9th* | " | *536,864* |
| " | *16th* | " | *552,144* |
| " | *23rd* | " | *564,901* |
| " | *30th* | " | *579,838* |

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) { FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C.
MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1
*Chartered Accountants.*

*THE rise of 72,747 in four weeks proves that* JOHN BULL *is a virile paper. The figures are really remarkable when one realises that these sales are obtained without the entirely unsound aid of football coupons, or of any Competition which entails the purchase by one individual of hundreds of copies which are so much waste paper once the Coupons have been removed.*

*It is computed that an average of three persons read every bought copy of a Weekly*—JOHN BULL, *therefore, is probably read by nearly two million people weekly.*

**Woman Who Duped Bevan.**

The career of Mme. Lotardi, the woman of mythical millions, who is now in the hands of the French police, is being unfolded in the courts, but as yet nothing has been mentioned of the audacious manner in which she victimised Gerard Lee Bevan, the crooked financier, or the part she played in bringing about his first financial embarrassment.

**Justice for Whom?**

At Glasgow High Court, William Winnie (17), a chauffeur, of Merry Street, Motherwell, pleaded guilty to the charge of having ravished a six year old girl. Lord Ashmore, remarking that accused's youth made some appeal, sentenced the young beast to three years' penal servitude. We should have thought that the girl's tender years would have been uppermost in His Lordship's mind.

**A Villain's Plaything.**

We agree with Thomas West, of Cheetham Street, Oldham, that he ought to be shot. He is a woman sleuth of the worst type. Although he is the father of three children, he made a plaything of an innocent girl named Mabel Wilson. When she discovered his true character she drowned herself. The responsibility for her death rests on West; and such villains should have no place on earth.

**Police Tips Abolished.**

The cat is out of the bag! In Essex, police officers received a gratuity of five shillings for each offence reported in connection with local taxation licences, and, as a result, complaints were received that many law-abiding citizens were somewhat unduly harassed. These "tips" have now been stopped, and quite right, too. It is an unpleasant feature of life to-day that persons expect to be paid and also "tipped" for doing their work.

**The Sheep that was Lame.**

Among a flock of seventy-four sheep which John Cooper, of Horsforth, drove six miles along the road from Otley Market was one which was lame. When it fell panting and foaming at the mouth, this heartless shepherd tied a rope to its horns and tried to drag it along, but, finding it was unable to stand, he kicked it with such brutality that it had to be slaughtered. For this inhuman cruelty Cooper was fined a paltry 40s. Our feet itch to kick him.

**Stone Deaf—and Struck Dumb.**

Herbert Clifton, of 13, Bread Street Hill, London, E.C., is one of the oldest aural quacks practising. With a flow of eloquence he recently assured a stone deaf octogenarian that his system of treatment would result in quick relief and permanent benefit. His correspondent thereupon invited him to send his appliances on trial, enclosing a reference of forty years' standing. Clifton was struck dumb. His faith in the efficacy of his system is evidently not equal to such a test.

**Debaucher from the Bench.**

Honours are cheap in Scotland when they are conferred upon such scoundrels as William Lees, the Glasgow bookmaker, and a former bailie in Perthshire, who has been interned in penal servitude for four years, punishment he has well earned. A man of wealth, Lees used his money to ruin a number of young girls under 12 years of age in abominable fashion. There is an undue prevalence of these atrocious crimes, and the police should get busy among the other moral perverts.

**Discrediting the Unemployed.**

Mr. Pope, the magistrate at the North London Police Court, has pointed out that bottle workers at Hackney earn £2 to £3 for working on Sunday only and draw unemployment allowance for the rest of the week. Such scheming discredits the genuine unemployed.

**Sticky!**

A firm which advertises for travellers and offers applicants the job of selling tins of rubber solution at 3½d. each on a commission of 1s. a dozen tins provided they send 4s. to pay for samples does not intend to lose much for want of caution. This is the way of Church and Leonard, of 45, St. Erkenwald Road, Barking, but we are puzzled to know why, with such an address and works at King's Cross, they should post their letters in Southend-on-Sea.

**Asking for It.**

It may be a way they have in the Army, but it is all wrong. At Notts Quarter Sessions two men were sent to prison for stealing and receiving Army stores. The thefts were made easy by loose and leisurely stocktaking. The stock was checked only once in three years, an Army Officer admitted. In the language of the street, this is "asking for it." Where Army auditors will not watch, thieves are sure to prey.

**The Gas Victims.**

Profoundly sympathetic for the fate of three persons dead and 30 poisoned by gas leakage from one of their Bethnal Green mains, the Gas Light and Coke Co. announce that "the whole of the pipes have now been examined and tested, and where it is thought necessary new ones will be laid down." Strange that people should have to be suffocated in their sleep before measures to ensure security are taken.

**Reformatories that Don't Reform.**

A 16-year-old Canterbury boy named Richard Sullivan spent some time in a reformatory school, but the reforming seems to have missed fire badly and Sullivan was at the Kent Quarter Sessions convicted on three charges of housebreaking, while thirteen other cases of housebreaking and bicycle thefts were mentioned. Sullivan is only one of many who continue on the down-grade after the so-called reforming process. Why?

**Favour for a Footballer.**

Different magistrates give different sentences. But it isn't fair. Denis J. Nixon, at Birmingham, got twenty-one days for making a false statement to get dependants' allowance at the same time as his wife was drawing the dole. Yet Benjamin Woodhouse, the West Bromwich F.C. goalkeeper, was given time to refund over £20 which he had drawn in unemployment pay under false pretences, and was fined £10 with £5 12s. 6d. costs. This is anything but justice.

**"Elementary, My Dear Watson!"**

Applicants in reply to an advertisement for smart young men to act as district representatives received, without any preliminary inquiries as to character, an offer of appointment on probation from Fullerton's Patent and Private Enquiry Agency, 12, Stockwell Gate, Mansfield, conditionally upon the candidate remitting "one guinea cost of certificate, etc." We don't think they will find many a budding Sherlock Holmes on those terms, though doubtless there are plenty of mugs about.

**Precocious Gamblers.**

The Scottish Registrar-General reports that four boys of 16, 52 boys of 17, and 313 of 18 married in 1921. This may be precocious business enterprise, but it looks more like wild and hazardous speculation.

**Homes for Heroes.**

According to a housing report issued by Bradford's M.O.H., there are in that city 283 Underground cellars occupied as separate dwellings, and among the tenants are 105 ex-Service men. What a significant commentary on the pledges and promises of politicians when haunts of rats and mice are countenanced as homes fit for heroes to live in!

**"O Wad Some Power——"**

If they are given the power to see themselves as others see them we do not envy the members of the Preston Free Library Committee their feelings. The experiment of blacking out racing news from newspapers does not enhance their reputation as men with a sense of fair play to a section of the community which pays its rates in equal proportion to others. Preston must rise against the blacking-brush censorship.

## *Magic of Courage*

***By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.***

*THE first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to be known to the world was awakened to the knowledge of his potentialities by casually reading in a shop window a maxim to the effect that the great difference between man and man in any walk of life was not so much that of natural talents as of the will to use them.*

*I have lived long enough to see that this is true. We have all known clever men go under and men of moderate ability rise.*

*Why does this so frequently occur?*

*A superficial judgment would say that circumstances have most to do with it.*

*One man has a run of bad luck, while another "grasps the skirts of happy chance."*

*One encounters undeserved calamity, and another is swung, almost in spite of himself, into a position that reveals his latent powers.*

*There is something in this consideration, but not very much.*

*There are men whom nothing on earth can keep down except death.*

*Where others lose heart, collapse and melt away, these come up with jaw set after each fresh disaster and wrench victory out of the very talons of defeat.*

*They may never attain tremendous heights of achievement, but they hold their own to the end.*

*There are men whom we cannot imagine as whining or indulging in self-pity; and there are men who do very little else.*

*The world is to the brave.*

*It will hurt you if you are afraid of it; stand up to it and it adjusts itself marvellously to your wants.*

*Nor need one be always fighting.*

*There is more and better in life than that, and the merely pugnacious man never finds it.*

*It is enough to keep a cheerful heart and be strong. It helps everybody all round and makes the world a better place.*

*Love is the delicate flower that grows best on the sunny side of the rock that keeps the winter storms at bay.*

**Comparisons.**

It is not pleasant to contemplate that while during the past year Germany records only 34 bankruptcies, England and Wales alone has a record of 422. As Shakespeare has thoughtfully remarked, comparisons are odious.

**"To Him That Hath——."**

It has been alleged in a letter to the Dover Town Council that a retired Petty Officer of the Royal Navy drawing a pension of £2 10s. a week is employed on the relief works at Tower Hamlets. If this is so, it is clearly the duty of the Council to remove him to make way for one of the many unemployed without pensions for whose benefit the relief works were started.

**Lucky Road-Hog.**

Hyman Symon Sockoshirsky, a Croydon tailor, is one of the worst type of road-hogs. Recently he brought down a cyclist, who sustained a fractured skull. But Hyman had no sympathy for the injured man. He put on speed to save his own skin. The police were too smart for him, and Hyman has had to pay £5. He must have been born under a lucky star—the cad.

**Philanthropy—for Fools.**

Anyone knowing how to make £50 within one month for an outlay of £1 would surely wish to keep such valuable information to himself. Not so James Baxter and Co., of 2, Beckenham Lane, High Street, Bromley, Kent, who are willing to disclose the magic secret to anyone who cares to send them £1. Philanthropy for fools is the most appropriate description of such a palpably deceptive offer.

**Detectives' Mean Trick.**

Two members of Oldham Police Force stayed a week at an hotel at a cost of £30 to the public, and, according to evidence, acted as though they were out to paint the town red. They summoned the landlord for selling drink during prohibited hours. The wise Bench, in dismissing the summonses, expressed their opinion that the procedure was unusual, also irregular. The Chief Constable of Oldham did not like this. Would he have preferred that it should be described as un-English?

**A Super Shylock.**

A reader who was forced into bankruptcy and ruined through borrowing £40—for which he was charged £90—from the British Finance Co., of 4, King William Street, Charing Cross, asks me to issue a warning against the concern. The high-sounding title veils the identity of Samuel Cohen, a super-Shylock among Jew moneylenders, who has been exposed times without number. For many years his unconscionable methods have merited the description of an unscrupulous rascal which has been applied to him.

**Queenie Gerald.**

The latest news of the ill-famed Queenie Gerald is that she has left Bellomo's Hotel. As we anticipated, the proprietor of this establishment was unaware of the true character of his guest, and the moment our disclosures were published he took steps to be rid of her. We need hardly say that no imputation whatever rests upon the hotel management or Mr. Bellomo personally; indeed, it is the misfortune of this unsavoury affair that through the inactivity of the police reputable persons and places are constantly involved in a manner which may inflict serious hardship. We congratulate Mr. Bellomo upon his prompt action.

# £40,000 A WEEK for TRAITORS

## Radek and His Reds at Work Again

*81,000 active agents of revolution are in this country, and of these nearly 2,000 are paid. There are over 146,000 sympathisers. What is to be done to cope with this menace?*

ARE the Government Authorities awake to the reality of the red revolutionary menace to Great Britain?

We recently called attention to the presence in this country of Karl Radek, one of the most sinister figures in the international revolutionary organisation which has its headquarters in Moscow, and issued a grave warning regarding the peril of allowing his diabolical machinations, which have as their object nothing less than the complete overthrow of the British Empire, to remain unchecked.

**Our Warning.**

Soon after the publication of our revelations Radek brought his visit to this country to a close. One result of his activities was seen at the General Election, when Mr. J. T. W. Newbold signalised his return as Communist Member for the Motherwell Division of Lanark by cabling to Lenin: "Motherwell won for Moscow!"

Further information has come into our hands which makes it imperative that we should repeat our warning of the danger of completely disregarding the red menace.

When Radek left England he went to Amsterdam, where he attended several secret revolutionary conferences at which many of the leaders of the movement were present.

Among them was a German named Facher, whose headquarters are in Berlin, and who holds the interesting office in the Third International of "Director of Communist Agitation in Great Britain and France." This influential lieutenant of Karl Radek's reported on the state of his work in Great Britain, from which we are able to make some astounding disclosures.

**Revolutionaries' £40,000 a week.**

Up to the end of September last the number of active agents of the revolution in this country was 81,000. Of this number 272 were classed as first-class agents, 630 as second-class agents, and 919 as third-class agents. *The majority of these three classes of agents are paid!*

Those who may have been inclined to scoff at our statement that Radek is spending £40,000 a week in his efforts to engineer a revolution in this country will see in what manner a large proportion of this huge sum is absorbed.

In addition to the horde of paid and unpaid agents enumerated above, the number of "sympathisers" was reported as 146,000.

Many of Radek's paid traitors are working either openly or insidiously among the Trade Unions, selling literature propagating sedition and sowing the seeds of discontent among the workers.

So great do the revolutionaries regard their prospects of achieving success by means of this kind of propaganda that the Communist Party of Great Britain, which has headquarters at 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, are about to start a new organ, and are setting up their own machinery for the distribution of the paper.

The voice may be the voice of the Communist Party of Great Britain, but the hands are the hands of Radek, the red revolutionary of Russia.

Evidence that active preparation as well as propaganda for a revolution is in progress is forthcoming in the prevalence of smuggling of arms and ammunition into this country, mainly from Hamburg.

**Radek's Dirty Work.**

During Christmas week John Alfred Grevenity, mate of the German steamer *Portia*, was charged at the Thames Police Court with importing 5,950 rounds of ball ammunition which was discovered concealed in various parts of the ship in the West India Dock. He was fined £100.

He was only one of many who are doing Radek's dirty work. Such smuggling is rife in many seaports.

When will the Authorities treat this menace with the seriousness which it demands?

# BOCHE WOMEN We Don't WANT

## Undesirables Get Ready to Return

*Before the war some of the worst of London's dens of infamy were conducted by Germans. These notorious characters are now hastening back to their old haunts in the West End.*

AT British Consulates in Germany and adjacent countries there are daily queues of more or less desirable Boches who are anxious to come back to this country now that the ban on their presence is lifted.

No doubt some of these are quite honest and almost desirable citizens, but we have very good reason to know that many are the reverse, and the underhand measures taken to provide facilities for the admission of these Boches rather confirms our opinion.

**Caterer to Immorality.**

One of the most persistent of these seekers after permission to return to London is a lady who passes by the name of Elise Sachs. Her character is vouched for by a German citizen who appears outwardly to be above suspicion, but, nevertheless, the lady is of the type that it would be better to exclude at all costs, for she is one who in this and other names was associated with a Haymarket house of ill-fame in pre-war days.

And the fair Elise was not so modest and unassuming in those days, for she was loud in her claims that it was she who knew how to play on the weakness of those in authority. In the West End Elise was known as the most reliable guide to the worst kinds of resort, and she boasted that there was no known vice that she could not find opportunities of practising for those who were so inclined.

At the moment her application for a permit to land has been held up pending further inquiries, but knowing the daring and the resource of this abandoned woman we shall not be surprised to find her sooner or later installed in her old quarters.

Another Boche seeking authorisation to return to this country for "business reasons" is the man who in the name of Woolff was associated with the management of a house in the West End that figured in a sensational case some thirty years ago, which resulted in a well-known editor being sent to prison for his comments on the case, and in a scion of the aristocracy being forced to accept perpetual exile from this country.

With brazen effrontery this man described himself in German that can be freely translated as "Provider of Entertainment," and one need only turn to the files of the newspapers of the early 'nineties to learn the nature of the entertainment that this man provided for his patrons, and provided so openly that he had his touts handing business cards to likely patrons in Piccadilly and other prominent centres as they emerged from theatres or restaurants.

**Patrons in Britain.**

Of course, if these undesirables should obtain permits to return they will be limited in their stay, for in theory no permanent authorisation to remain here can be given, but past experience shows that persons admitted on temporary permits have a habit of finding patrons who obtain for them the privilege of permanent sojourn, but even should they fail here they have always the opportunity of disappearing from the addresses known to the police and turning up elsewhere furnished with papers proving their British origin.

As a matter of fact, it is well known to the police that machinery exists for furnishing these undesirables with the necessary papers to establish their claim to be German citizens of irreproachable character, who have never before been in London.

The favourite way of working this is through Ireland now. An applicant obtains permission to travel to Ireland on business, and once he reaches that country he reports to an agent of the German concern who has helped him to bluff the British Consul abroad, and, if necessary, he can then be furnished with evidence that he is Patrick Murphy, John O'Brien, or Michael Slattery, who claims British citizenship by reason of birth in Ireland.

Perhaps the authorities will move before it is too late.

# A BRAZEN BALLOT MONGER

## Gulling the Public with Specious Offers

SOUTH Tottenham has for many years suffered through the reflection cast upon its reputation by the large number of shady individuals who have made it their home.

One amongst their number is a certain man who signs himself "C. Maidment." This enterprising individual has occupied his time, and that of others, during the past few weeks, by sending circulars to all and sundry regarding an interesting project called the "Sports Ballot."

Maidment opened his assault upon the intelligence of the recipients of his epistles by the blunt statement that a ticket bearing their name and address had won the £15 prize.

As hundreds of people all over the country, who had never heard of Maidment before, received letters from him conveying the same glad tidings, we considered that a little investigation into his activities might prove of interest.

After informing the recipient of the fact that the prize of £15 was due to him, Maidment calmly stated that this sum would be forwarded upon the receipt of 5s. Despite the fact that many people had never heard of the so-called Ballot prior to the receipt of Maidment's generous announcement, a large number were foolish enough to send him their dollars.

In his letter, Maidment stated that £5,000 had been deposited at the Fleet Street Branch of the London City and Midland Bank, in connection with another scheme, in which all senders of 5s. would get a free ticket, and that the deposit note was in the hands of Messrs. Hilton, Sharp & Clarke, Chartered Accountants, of 23, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4.

Enquiries at these two addresses revealed the fact that they had never heard of Mr. Maidment until a few days' ago, when people commenced to write to them regarding the genuineness of the circulars.

Both the Accountants and the Bank officials have now been inundated with complaints from simple people living in all parts of the country. Mr. C. Maidment has a lot to answer for.

According to his own statements, scores of people who have never entered his "Sports Ballot," or even heard of its existence, have won the same £15!

The fact that Maidment has had others to assist him in his business is obvious from the fact that the handwriting of the signatures on some of the letters vary.

Without further ado, we call upon the police at Tottenham to investigate this matter at once. People of this type must not be permitted to float money-making schemes in such brazen defiance of the laws of common honesty.

# Another of Mr. Shortt's Victims

## A Shameful Echo of the Gourlay Murder

**HAS justice in this land of ours reached so low a standard that when an innocent man is dragged from his home, accused of murder, ruined, and then released, he shall receive no compensation for his terrible sufferings?**

ONE of the most startling instances of the callous indifference with which the Home Office Authorities regard the sufferings of innocent men who are detained in custody on serious charges, which are afterwards proved to be utterly without foundation, is to be found in the disgraceful victimisation of Robert Elrick, the chauffeur who was arrested on an extradition warrant and placed in the dock, charged with the murder of Mr. Ernest W. Gourlay, who disappeared from Boulogne in mysterious circumstances on December 1, 1920.

**Mysterious Murder.**

It will be remembered that Mr. Gourlay, who was an ex-officer of the Suffolk Regiment, and Secretary of the Imperial Travel Bureau, of Sloane Street, London, S.W., disappeared after selling a motor-car at Marquise, near Boulogne, to a dealer named Daguebert, who afterwards confessed to having murdered him and disposed of the body by burying it in his garden, from which it was eventually recovered.

At the time of the disappearance, Elrick was employed as a chauffeur-mechanic at the Headquarters Garage of the Directorate of Stores at Aubengues Camp, one of the centres of the Disposals Board in France. He left in January, 1921, owing to a general reduction of the staff and the completion of the work on which he had been employed, bearing excellent testimonials from superior officers, and returned to his home at Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, about sixteen miles from Aberdeen.

He had just obtained a situation, and was to have started work two days later, when, on February 23, 1921, he was visited at his house in Victoria Street, Stonehaven, by two police officers, Inspector Tate and Sergeant Barrett, and taken to the local police station, where he was detained for two days without any warrant for his arrest.

On the second day Detective-Inspector Draper, of Scotland Yard, accompanied by another officer of the Criminal Investigation Department, arrived, and read out to him the warrant on which he was subsequently charged, and he was removed to London.

The effect upon his wife and three little children of seeing their loved one led away in custody upon such a charge, just as they were congratulating themselves upon his having secured employment, can be imagined.

**In the Felon's Dock.**

On Saturday, February 26, he was placed in the felon's dock at Bow Street, and stared at by the curious crowd as the supposed murderer for whom the French and English police had been hunting high and low for three months.

He was remanded pending the arrival of the depositions from France and returned to his cell.

Again on March 5 he was subjected to the nerve-racking ordeal of appearing in the dock as a suspected murderer. By this time he had secured legal assistance, but he was again remanded in custody.

**Acquitted—but Ruined.**

A third time, on Thursday, March 10, he was placed in the dock, but on this occasion it was clearly shown that he could not possibly have been concerned in the mysterious disappearance, and he was acquitted.

But for the kindness of the London firm of solicitors who were acting for him, and who wired the welcome news of his acquittal to Aberdeen and provided him with funds, he might have been left to starve in the streets!

When he returned home, it was to find himself and his wife and children under a cloud of suspicion and disgrace which his formal acquittal did little to dispel. He and his family were practically driven out of Stonehaven by these dreadful suspicions and forced to take refuge at Rossie Island, Montrose.

His character was not completely cleared until June 18, 1921, when Daguebert, confronted in his garden with the dead body of his victim, made the dramatic confession that he, and he alone, had killed Mr. Gourlay, and that he had spread the story of three mysterious Englishmen having been seen with the dead man (upon which evidence Elrick was arrested) merely to throw the police off the scent.

From the time of this dramatic confession, every effort has been made, without success, by the solicitors who acted for Elrick to secure from the Home Office some compensation for the ordeal to which he was put and the severe misfortunes which he and his family have suffered in consequence.

**Compensation Essential.**

The late Home Secretary, Mr. Edward Shortt, who was in control during the period most of these negotiations were in progress, signalised his term of office by such an amazing disregard of public feeling in such matters that his failure to act justly, if not generously, in this instance can occasion little surprise.

We consider it should be a point of honour with Mr. Bridgeman, his successor, to impress upon the French Authorities the indefensibility of their attitude of nonchalance towards an injured British subject, and, failing compensation from them, to award a substantial grant to this misused man out of the National Exchequer.

# A PEER with an ITCHING PALM.

## His Plea to Unsuspecting Investors

RECENTLY we called the attention of our readers to the activities of Lieut.-Col. F. H. Peter, D.S.O., M.C., who was offering for sale, at £3 apiece, "chances on nature," in the form of five-year leases of potential oil lands in Texas.

We regretted that an officer who had won the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Cross should lend himself to such a venture.

But if we merely expressed regret at the conduct of Colonel Peter, we may be permitted to express indignation at the appearance of the Right Hon. Lord Haldon in a similar rôle. This nobleman, who has been the laughing stock of the financial world for many years, is as unscrupulous as he is impecunious.

Lord Haldon purports to be the chairman of the Oil Lease Investment Co. of 143, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

That Company offers for three guineas per acre a lease for five years of land in Brewster County, Texas, and is willing to accept payment spread over three months.

If oil is found within five years on the land so acquired, the owner of the lease is entitled to the benefit of it for ever. If not, the land apparently reverts to the lessor—possibly to sell again elsewhere.

Of course there are the usual pictures of gushing oil wells, and the customary tables of "What £3 3s. has done in Oil Land," and what a similar sum may do again.

But the gem of the "literature" is a circular letter signed "Haldon" and headed with a coronet and the words "The Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon, Chairman." Chairman of what, the letter doesn't say, but presumably the Oil Lease Investment Co. is meant.

So we take it that when the writer says: "I," he means himself, and when he says "we," he means the company.

"I am simply asking you to join in a venture which should bring in at least a competency, and possibly a fortune," he writes. "We might add, this proposition is endorsed by well known large banks and bankers in Texas," he says. What a pity he doesn't name them!

"Of course, all speculations in oil lands are to a great extent a gamble, but here we have a speculation on which you should not lose."

We'll take good care we don't, and so would our readers if they once clapped eyes on Lord Haldon.

# MAIDEN MODESTY PENALISED

## Italian Suitor and a Tailoress's Dole

THE ways of Labour Exchanges have long been past all understanding, but things have come to a pretty pass indeed if a young girl is to be penalised for leaving her employment in order to safeguard her modesty.

This is what appears to have happened to Mary Mahoney, an eighteen-year-old orphan girl living with her grandparents at Prairie Road, Lavender Gate, London, S.W.

Mary is a tailoress, and was until recently employed by a large firm in Glasshouse Street, London, W. There her youthfulness and innocence attracted the attention of an Italian traveller who called periodically on business.

This fellow insinuated himself into her good graces, and on one occasion persuaded her to go out and take tea with him. Her maiden modesty was at once offended by his amorous advances, and though she knew little of the world, she felt instinctively that he was a dangerous as well as unpleasant suitor, and decided to have nothing more to do with him.

She had reason to congratulate herself on her decision when she discovered later that he was a married man and the father of children.

In spite of her uncompromising rejection of his suit, he continued to pester her with his attentions, sending her picture postcards bearing messages of love while he was abroad, and following them up with personal protestations of his undying affection whenever he was in this country.

At length she became so terrified with his persistency that, in order to escape from him, she reluctantly relinquished her employment.

When she applied at the Labour Exchange for unemployment pay, she was told, after considerable delay, that she was not entitled to it.

Her grandfather took the matter up with the Authorities, and a Court of Referees disallowed her claim for a period of four weeks on the ground that she "left her last employment voluntarily *without just cause*"—the italics are ours.

Moreover, since the expiration of the period of four weeks referred to, six weeks' pay has become due, but she has been unable to secure payment of a penny, although she holds a note from the Exchange dated 18th November, 1922, to the effect that her claim is in order.

What has Sir Montague Barlow to say to this?

# OUR TIP TO SCOTLAND YARD

## Prompt Action Follows Opium Revelations

*Our recent exposure of the barefaced trafficking in opium by certain Chinese, whom we named, has resulted in sensational arrests*

IT is something of an achievement to be able to state officially that we have at last induced Scotland Yard to investigate the truth of our disclosures regarding the ringleaders of the drug traffic in this country.

We feel justly proud. For months we have unceasingly exposed the inner workings of the dope-fiends' underworld, and we shall not relax our pressure on the authorities until the grave menace which confronts Great Britain has been completely removed.

It is the real offenders who must be brought to book. In the past they have been allowed to escape at the expense of their hirelings.

A few days after our scathing exposure of the Chinese secret "dope" society, Chung Yee Tong, the daily papers announced the fact that Scotland Yard had despatched several detectives to the East End of London for the purpose of following up some valuable information which had come into their possession. The public were told that several important arrests were anticipated.

It is interesting to note that the houses which these detectives have been watching are none other than those referred to in our first exposure of the Chung Yee Tong!

So far, so good. Whilst in no way retracting one word of what we have so often said about the inactivity on the part of the police to bring the real culprits to book, we are gratified that they have at last realised that our exposures were based upon facts and not fiction.

The authorities at Scotland Yard must maintain their vigilance on every house conducted by the Chung Yee Tong. They must keep their eyes upon certain Chinese "Clubs" which are situated in the West End of London, as well as in Limehouse.

They must give close attention to the movements of certain dealers in sugar and rice, as large quantities of cocaine are smuggled here weekly in bags which contain these commodities.

They must watch certain public-houses in the East and West Ends of London, where drugs are passed from agent to agent in the bars and lavatories. They must not close their eyes to the activities of some of the managers of these places.

It is no use arresting the "dummy" traffickers—those poor fools who pass a packet of cocaine under the light of a street lamp. These wretches are paid to go to prison, and have sworn not to divulge the identity of the master criminals who "direct" the system of distribution.

Scarcely a vessel arrives at the docks without drugs hidden in some part of it.

Large consignments of "dope" are often concealed under the ship's coal supply, to be smuggled ashore at the docks two or three hours after the vessel has been "officially searched." It is hidden also in hose-pipes, in unseen boxes nailed under the decks of vessels, and even in the ironwork of the funnels.

Cocaine, opium, and morphia enter the docks almost daily in London, Liverpool and Cardiff, under the very nose of the authorities. The smugglers laugh openly at the amazing blunders of the officials who can be so easily deceived.

The police must on no account allow the inquiries they are at last making in the right direction to be diverted by the cunning of the real offenders.

They have done well to act upon the exclusive information contained in our exposures, and if they continue to carry out their investigations in the way we have suggested, they will soon hold the perilous situation well in hand.

They can rely upon us for every possible assistance. All the information in our possession is at their disposal if they care to apply for it.

# BLACK MEN'S WHITE SLAVES

## Girls Lured Abroad and Sold into Shame

*Emboldened by their success in ruining girls in this country coloured men are now actually shipping white slaves abroad*

WE have more than once drawn attention to the peril to the womanhood of England resulting from the number of negroes and Asiatics of assorted tints who have made this country a happy hunting ground since the war, and the light-hearted fashion in which so many white girls enter into close relationship with them.

The evil appears to continue unchecked. Indeed, it has grown to proportions which render it necessary that strong action should be taken by the authorities if London is not to become a by-word connoting the lowest depths of moral degradation.

Not only in the East End and the neighbourhood of the docks, to which these coloured undesirables were formerly more or less confined, but in Bloomsbury and Soho and parts of the West End their open activities are such as to cause any Briton with a spark of self-respect and pride of race to shudder.

In the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road there is quite a colony of these black scoundrels with white girls living under their "protection." In many instances they are living in idleness on the immoral earnings of the unfortunate girls and using them as decoys to lure half-intoxicated men to their rooms to be robbed of their cash and valuables.

No one who is well acquainted with this locality can have failed to observe the furtive meetings in the shadows of the side streets between these blacks and the white girls who have fallen into their clutches. A few harsh words, often a threatening gesture, and the black slinks away, while the poor white slave resumes her shameful search for a fresh victim for her black taskmaster to plunder.

This sort of thing goes on continually under the public eye. Evidence sufficient to secure a conviction may be difficult to obtain, but it is surely extraordinary that there are not more prosecutions of these loathsome beasts.

What is less evident to the public, though every bit as abhorrent, is the extent to which white girls are lured abroad by these coloured men and sold into unspeakable degradation as white slaves.

Many of the scoundrels, black, brown and yellow, pretend to be connected with the stage in foreign countries, and secure their victims by mean of advertisements for dancing girls.

Recently a troupe of English dancing girls went to South America. Their arrival was strongly deprecated by the authorities there, who know full well the terrible outlook for the girls.

We have before us the testimony of an actress who sailed with a similar company, only to find that the theatrical engagement was but a blind to cover a deal of the white slave traders. Most of the girls sank into hopeless degradation, and her own experiences before she escaped from her bondage are quite unprintable.

The British Consul at Buenos Aires has definitely declared that the condition of things is so bad that it is absolutely undesirable that passports should be issued to troupes of dancers for South American towns.

Sometimes the lure comes direct from abroad. A young Exeter girl recently received unexpectedly a letter from an individual signing himself E. Q. Nelson Dodoo, of Ussher Town, Accra, inviting her to correspond with him. She foolishly replied, and received a second letter full of endearments. Had her parents not intervened there is no doubt that sooner or later she would have received personal attentions from some emissary of this black man Dodoo in this country, who would have attempted to persuade her to join him.

The sooner this scandal is taken in hand vigorously by the authorities the better.

# PLANS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN . . . Preparing to Form a British Society

THE notorious American Secret Terrorist Society, the Ku Klux Klan, an organisation which stands for retention of the right of private vengeance and other barbarities of the Middle Ages, is laying plans for an invasion in force of the United Kingdom, where already its advance guard in the person of individual members and sympathisers is at work preparing the ground for the projected invasion in force.

In America the organisation exists for the purpose of making war on Roman Catholics, on Jews, and on negroes, its policy being to mete out death and other penalties to persons of these classes who offend against the laws of the Klan, which are a little more strict and more unjust than the ordinary laws of the land in which the Klan flourishes.

But obviously the Klan cannot hope to succeed in this country unless it modifies greatly its policy, and it can be stated authoritatively that this modification is agreed to and for the first time it is now possible to reveal the aims which the Klan will seek to apply.

For tactical reasons the Klan proposes to abandon the idea of warfare on Roman Catholicism and will confine its activities in this country to warring on coloured men. It will give special attention to the activity of those Chinese and other coloured men who are preying on white women, and it will make it its business to investigate all complaints of this character brought before the "Klonvokation," as the Supreme Court of the Terrorist organisation is called.

The heads of the dread organisation have been advised by their "spies" in this country that there is a good opening for it because of the scandal of the coloured men in seaport towns, and it must be admitted that the apathy of the law in regard to this scandal has undoubtedly given the Klan ample scope for propaganda among those who have seen their womenfolk debauched and degraded by the negroes and Orientals, and would therefore be ready to welcome any organisation offering them vengeance.

We have no sympathy with the coloured men who prey on white women, but on the other hand we have none with persons who take into their own hands the meting out of punishment to offenders and we insist that the Home Office take action, not only to stop the invasion of this band of Terrorists, but to check the abuses which give them their one chance of success in the British Isles.

We know that the authorities have been moved to action to the extent of making inquiries in the United States regarding the aims of the Klan, and it is highly probable that permission to land will be refused to Edward Young Clarke and his fellow Terrorists when they set out on their mission

# THE KING'S JUSTICE—

## and the King's Mercy.

### by ARNOLD BENNETT

JUSTICE is the King's justice. It springs from the titular head of the Commonwealth and is exercised through Judges and juries. When a criminal case has been decided by the Court of Criminal Appeal there is nothing more to be done in the way of justice.

In the way of justice the King cannot interfere, nor can he appoint anybody else to interfere on his behalf. If new facts transpire to prove that a condemned man is innocent, that man cannot be acquitted. He can only be "pardoned"—as Adolph Beck was—for a crime which he did not commit! Such is the law. Let us alter it if we like, but in the meantime do let us grasp what the law actually is.

Mercy is the King's mercy. It has nothing to do with justice. It is quite different and quite separate. It is exercised through the Home Secretary, who in fact alone advises the King when to exercise it and when to refrain from exercising it. In a hanging case, or in any other case, the Home Secretary (who is not a law officer) does not have a new private trial of his own.

HE does not go over the heads of Judges and juries, and correct what he may imagine to be their errors. He is bound to accept their verdict of guilty. He starts on the assumption of guilt, and his task is to decide whether the circumstances warrant mercy. If he decides that they do, he does not thereby put Judges and juries in the wrong. His function is other than theirs. Justice is one thing. Mercy is another. If there were no guilt there could be no mercy.

In the great twin dramas which justice has carried to a fatal conclusion on the scaffold, this week, the Home Secretary could see no ground for the exercise of mercy. And it would have been strange indeed if he had exercised mercy.

True, nearly a million people petitioned him for mercy for the criminals. But these million people, actuated though they were by humane and worthy motives, had the type of mind which wants a different law for every individual case and exactly to suit every individual case; that is to say, which wants the law specially altered to suit the sentimental aspects of every case, and which would like the Home Secretary to usurp, in effect, the function of Parliament and make laws to fit sentiments.

This cannot be. Mercy cannot fly in the face of the law. It must act within limits.

FOR myself, I object strongly to the executions which have just occurred, because I object to all capital punishment. But I would not, on that account, for example, have signed a petition for the reprieve of even Mrs. Thompson.

Those who think a law wrong must strive to get it changed in Parliament, and must not strive to upset it in a roundabout way by sentimental appeals.

The two elements in the cases under review, which could have justified mercy were both entirely absent. One of those elements was doubt, the other provocation.

## "Good-Bye, Ole Pal!"

[*Many poverty-stricken dog lovers find themselves in a pathetic dilemma at this time of the year owing to their inability to pay the tax.*]

I 'ates ter let yer go, ole pal, it 'urts me somefin' crool—
There's no money fer y'r licence, understand?
I know my 'eart is breakin' an' I'm cryin' like a fool—
It's the way yer keeps on lickin' o' me 'and.

I 'ear as 'ow they're settin' up a statue in 'Ide Park
In memory of 'orses wot went west;
It's costin' them four thousand quid, an's meant ter be a mark
O' gratitude from them wot loved 'em best.
If they only knew 'ow partin' wiv yer makes my 'eart feel sore,
They'd find a better way ter spend their gold;
They'd buy y'r licence wiv it an' about ten thousand more,
An' we'd live together 'appy as of old!

C. H. T.

# CARTOONETTES

### by FRANK HOLLAND

The more John struggles with the fates
The more his fury waxes,
For what is left from rent and rates
Is swallowed up by taxes.

The French I think, without a doubt,
Have taken Fritz's measure;
They know that if they dig about
They'll find some hidden treasure.

There's not much need for Pussyfoot
To stop the sale of drink,
The present price will quite suffice
To do the trick, we think.

What is this thing he's gazing at?
Is it some ghastly germ?
Well, no—it's not exactly that—
It's what is called a "Therm."

# SAINTS *and* SINNERS

## Pen Portraits of Prominent People

### by HESKETH PEARSON

"VERY obliging, but a rough customer when he's roused." In these words an unofficial visitor to White House summed up President Harding. Within limits they describe the man quite accurately. The contrast between him and President Wilson is singularly striking; and in order to draw a faithful portrait of Harding, one has merely to compile a list of the qualities that Wilson lacked.

To begin with—and most conspicuously—Wilson never lost control of himself. When intensely annoyed, he would sit for perhaps an hour in silence before giving vent to his feelings, and even then his voice would scarcely show a trace of emotion.

HARDING, on the contrary, feels and expresses himself quite violently on all sorts of subjects and all sorts of occasions. Charming he certainly can be, and is, with an earnest humanity behind his manner that never appeared in Wilson. But he objects to argument and does his best to keep clear of it. This is because (1), he has made up his mind on most subjects and hates the unsettling effect of being worsted in debate, and (2) he believes firmly that a man's convictions are the result of temperament, not logic.

PRESIDENT HARDING

At the present moment he is really anxious to help Europe, but he simply refuses to budge an inch until the spirit of the Hohenzollerns, which has merely shifted its residence from Potsdam to Paris, is driven out of Europe. And when, not long ago, several personal friends begged him to offer his advice and assistance, he said: "I will help Europe the moment Europe begins to help itself."

He is a popular President, largely, no doubt, because Wilson's last months in office were some of the blackest ever experienced at Washington, and also because he is a typical American.

LIKE many of his countrymen, he is pigheaded to an extent almost inconceivable in England; and if he were unduly pressed to do something he disliked, he'd certainly show his importunate visitors the door and quite possibly kick them downstairs if they evinced the least disposition not to take the hint.

It isn't generally known in England that nearly every American President is backed by a very powerful financial group. The President is practically incapable of initiating a policy without first of all consulting the leading financiers. Consequently, if ever we feel that America is letting us down, we must blame the system rather than the political chief.

THOUGH Roosevelt fought the Trusts singlehanded and was the most popular President since Lincoln, the United States are still waiting for the big man who will not only fight but conquer this soulless and demoralising power.

Perhaps Henry Ford is the one big public man they have who would and could do the job. Certainly not Harding, who hadn't even the courage to discuss the matter with Ford. "Delighted to have a chat with you at any time," wrote the ever-polite President to the motor manufacturer, "but let the topic be cars not currency."

# Candid Communications

## (Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, East Newcastle.**

DEAR SIR,—While I should like to see you back in Parliament, where, as Secretary of the Labour Party, you could give valuable assistance to your colleagues, I cannot entertain great hopes of your success while you refuse to profit by past experience. The electors of Widnes told you in unmistakable terms what they thought of the Capital Levy, and the decisive rejection of the proposal in Switzerland has confirmed the British people in their view that it is bad economics and can only lead to disastrous results. I greatly fear that the electors of East Newcastle have more intelligence than you give them credit for possessing. Why not stick to practical politics and let dreams alone?

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. the EARL of DERBY, K.G., Secretary-of-State for War.**

MY LORD,—Ex-Staff-Sergt. Cox. and ex-Quartermaster-Sergt. Turner, two of the "Old Contemptibles," with 22 and 19 years' service respectively, have, at the instigation of the War Office, been evicted from their quarters in Woolwich and turned into the street. Both are married men with families. It is useless for the War Office to plead that they wanted the accommodation for serving soldiers. There are over 2,000 applicants on the Woolwich Council's list of persons seeking houses, and in the circumstances the eviction of these two war-scarred veterans is scandalous. I think you ought to look into the matter at once. JOHN BULL.

**To the Hon. GEORGE HARVEY, American Ambassador, 14, Princes Gate, S.W.**

DEAR SIR,—A great number of ill-informed people in the United States have of recent years made it their business to vilify this country and accuse us of bad faith. You, sir, who live among us and know our aspirations and our ideals, have done enormous service to the cause of international friendship by sticking up for us and telling your people that we mean to pay our debts and meet our obligations to the last farthing. You have proved yourself a sincere friend as well as an illustrious ambassador, and I thank you.

JOHN BULL.

**To EDWARD YOUNG CLARKE, Esq., "Imperial Giant," Ku Klux Klan.**

DEAR RIP VAN WINKLE,—Your proposal to establish headquarters of your murder society in England clearly proves that you have been asleep since the Middle Ages. This little island happens to be civilised, and I fear that the appearance of your Klansmen in their comic opera garb would only cause naughty little boys to shout "bogey, bogey!" and grown-ups to wonder where the film camera was concealed. We are rather prejudiced against lynchings and murders. On the other hand, you and your Klansmen would look fine in a revue, particularly if you were tarred and feathered. Anyway, I can only offer you a choice between the stage and the scaffold, so I think you'd better keep away, don't you? JOHN BULL.

## THE HAPPY HOOLIGAN

OPTIMISTIC FRITZ: (in the 4th year of trial): "So long as they don't agree, I'm quite agreeable."

**To the Rt. Hon. A. M. CARLISLE, P.C., 2, Lancaster Gate, W.**

RIGHT HON. SIR,—If you choose to take the risk of swimming in the Serpentine on a winter's morning at 69 years of age it's your own affair, and I haven't the slightest objection to your bragging about it in the Press. But you round off your interview by describing the modern young man as a molly-coddle, which shows that the cold water has gone to your head, and you add that you have the greatest contempt for the young woman who is found in a hot bath at mid-day. Why this should excite your wrath is not very clear, but apparently you object to hot water altogether. All I can say is I am glad that everyone I meet isn't of your way of thinking! JOHN BULL.

**To F. T. MANN, Esq., Captain of M.C.C. Team, South Africa.**

MY DEAR SIR,—Largely owing to your capable leadership and your own fine performance at the wicket, old England has at last won a Test Match—the first since 1914. It is a joyful occasion, and I have much pleasure in drinking to your health and further success. Let us hope your victory is a sign that things are now going to look up for us, not only in the cricket field, but in every other field of national effort as well.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., Unity House, London.**

SIR,—I see that the N.U.R. has decided to lend £2,000 to the German Railwaymen's Union to keep them from bankruptcy. I can't help wondering whether this extraordinary bit of international finance has the approval of the rank and file of the Union, and whether the money could not have been more fittingly spent in these days of dire distress on more worthy objects nearer home. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, Bart., M.P., Department of Overseas Trade, 35, Old Queen St.**

SIR,—I trust you are keeping a watchful eye on the trade activities of the wily Fritz. Hearing of our proposed trade ship tour, the German Government are, with frantic haste, fitting out the Hohenzollern, the ex-Kaiser's yacht, to set out on a similar tour before our vessel can be ready. It is an international race to capture our markets, and unless you speed up the arrangements we shall be left behind—as usual. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. LORD ROBERT CECIL, 100, Grosvenor Road, S.W.**

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—Your New Year's message to the members of the League of Nations says that unless the League can make an end of the competitive arming of nations it will fail altogether. Its efforts in that direction (or in any other direction) don't seem to have been particularly effective, and I begin to wonder what it is actually doing. So far its principal accomplishment seems to be the provision of fat salaries for its numerous officials. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, Minister of Health.**

SIR,—I should like to draw your attention to the sad case of Nurse. O M. Wallis, who, after acting as tuberculosis nurse to the Southwark Borough Council for eight years, herself contracted the dread disease and was discharged last August. Nurse Wallis is now entirely unable to maintain herself, and the Council propose to give her a paltry gratuity of £194. This "recognition" of her noble self-sacrifice is entirely inadequate, and she must have a pension sufficient to keep her in comfort for the rest of her life. JOHN BULL.

# Without Fear or Favour

## *The Editor's Views on Vital Topics*

IT is with no small satisfaction that we publish on page 6 of this issue the certified figures showing the net sales of JOHN BULL. For the attainment of a net circulation of nearly 600,000 copies is an achievement of which a weekly journal may justly be proud. We claim that it has been brought about by strict adhesion to the pledges we gave our readers in May last, when we invited their co-operation in the effort to establish this journal upon a sound and stable footing. If we had then thought of a slogan for our labours, we might have chosen the line: "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more—we'll deserve it."

**Our Net Sales**

The result has more than justified the policy which brought to birth the new JOHN BULL. The figures published this week connote a success the full measure of which can hardly be appreciated without knowledge of the special difficulties of weekly journalism in the teeth of relentless competition.

The secret of this success is simple. It has been our aim to keep faith with our readers, to present them from week to week with a paper worth its price, to cater to the best of our ability for their varied interests, to keep them in living touch with the best minds of the day, and, more than all, to stand to them in the traditional role of JOHN BULL, as counsellor and friend.

In this way JOHN BULL has maintained its position not simply as a newspaper, but as a national institution. This bond of friendship between ourselves and our readers was never closer than it is to-day.

It will be our aim in the future to preserve and extend this relationship. The ideal we have set before ourselves is to be known universally as the Paper That Helps. To every one of the great army of more than half-a-million readers who have rallied to our support we extend hearty greetings and cordial thanks.

THE decision of the Home Secretary not to reprieve either of the Ilford murderers must be viewed not through a haze of sentimentality, but in the clear light of reason. All decent minds must revolt from the thought of the scaffold, and the mental picture of a woman dragged half-conscious to the gallows is one to freeze the blood. But the penalty for wilful murder prescribed by the law of England is death by hanging. If the public demand it, this law can be altered, but while it holds there must be no wanton exercise of the prerogative of mercy.

**The Ilford Murderers**

Apply these principles to the Ilford case, and what do we find? It is idle for lay writers to suggest, as some have done, that Mrs. Thompson was not properly convicted of murder. The last authentic word on this subject was spoken in no uncertain tones by the Court of Criminal Appeal. It was the bounden duty of the Home Secretary to assume that both prisoners had been properly convicted and sentenced, and the only question to which he was free to address his mind was whether there were such extenuating circumstances as would justify him in respiting the last penalty of the law.

In the case of Mrs. Thompson there was none. If she was guilty in law there was no moral excuse for her crime. One plea alone remained to her—that of her sex. Conceivably this sentiment might have saved Mrs. Thompson, if it had not been for the fact that no visible pretext could be found for respiting the sentence upon Bywaters. To have reprieved the woman while sending the man to the scaffold would have revolted the conscience of the nation.

It needed courage on Mr. Bridgeman's part to recognise this fact, and to ignore the sentimental arguments urged in the woman's favour. At least it must be conceded that he has done what he conceived to be his duty without fear or favour, and although many of us may wish that the scales could justly have been inclined in the direction of clemency, we are bound to respect the principles which governed his action.

The broader question of whether capital punishment should be retained as the penalty of murder remains open for discussion. If ever it is modified, however, it must be by the action of Parliament, and not at the discretion of a single Minister of the Crown.

THE hunger-marching unemployed no longer excite the pity that they did. It is easy to grow callous to the spectacle of suffering; and we have been furnished with so many excuses for gazing unmoved upon these drab processions. The marchers, we are told, organised by paid agitators, are composed largely of won't-works who prefer doles to jobs.

**The Hunger-Marchers**

There is doubtless a modicum of truth in these assertions, but at the most they represent no more than half the truth. The hunger-marching crowds contain quite enough of the real stuff of human tragedy to sadden any heart not made of stone, while on the other hand, there are thousands of genuinely unemployed who have never marched in procession along the Embankment or joined a demonstration in Hyde Park.

The tactics of the hunger-marchers are unfortunate for two reasons. There is first the danger that familiarity with these outward manifestations may make us contemptuous of the underlying tragedy of want; secondly, it is to be feared that the congregation of the workless in the great towns has made the urgent task of relief more difficult than it need have been.

But such considerations are beside the main point. As soon as Parliament meets, promises of a few weeks ago must be honestly redeemed. The House of Commons ought not to begrudge the money for any reasonable schemes which will enable genuine workers to labour with their hands instead of tramping with their feet.

IN the palmy days before the war there were twenty-five railway companies in Great Britain. Now there are four. For the future we shall travel by the Great Southern, the Great Western, the North Eastern, or the Midland and Scottish lines. None other will cater for us. It is a vast scheme, owing its inspiration to Sir Eric Geddes when he was Minister of Transport, and it is based quite frankly upon the elimination of competition.

**Railway Trusts**

It is very much as though all the fishmongers, all the butchers, all the pastry-cooks, in a town were to combine to supply the household needs of its residents. What the result of such a combination of tradesmen might be is a matter of conjecture, although the average person will hardly need three guesses. The whole teaching of experience is that competition keeps down prices and benefits the consumer, while amalgamation maintains them at a high level and so benefits the seller.

Is this going to be the effect of the great railway combination? If so, the travelling public may have cause to rue it. Generally speaking, we are averse from trustification, whether on the railways or elsewhere in business, and it is by no means clear that the safeguards contained in the new railway agreement are adequate for the protection of the public. The Ministry of Transport, it appears, is to have the power to insist upon the provision of liberal travelling facilities, while the Railway Rates Tribunal will have authority to revise fares. We shall see.

The Labour Party, no doubt, are watching this grandiose scheme with keen interest. It is enough like nationalisation to be entirely to their taste, and not sufficiently unlike it to allay the misgivings of those brought up on the good, old-fashioned doctrine that in the realm of commerce free competition is as the breath of life. It is fairly easy to admit the thin end of the wedge of monopoly. The public must watch the new experiment with a jealous eye.

THE Ministry of Health should pay prompt attention to the complaint of Dr. Guthrie, the East London Coroner, uttered not for the first time, that in certain parts of the East End it is practically impossible to obtain the services of a doctor late at night, even in the most desperate cases. This is a state of affairs that ought not to be tolerated in a civilised country. Unfortunately it is one of those situations in which everyone blames someone else, and no one seems to know where the real responsibility lies. This makes it the more incumbent upon the Ministry of Health to take the problem in hand and grapple with it on practical lines. Time and again lives have been wantonly sacrificed through the absence of medical attention, and it makes the case no whit better that the lives lost are those of the poorest of the poor.

**Preventable Deaths**

# 'ELL! GEE!!

by

HAROLD OWEN

MR. Lloyd George, as we know, is a man of great resource. And yet he is not (so he says himself) a man of great resources. Which is just where his resourcefulness comes in. Thus the matter stands:

You will remember that about four months ago there was great news, and much letting off of the maroons, to announce to us that the Premier (as he then was) had astutely concluded contracts for a book all about The Man who Won the War and how he did it, for a sum running into what Mr. Pericles called "sossands and sossands of pounds"—to be precise, ninety thou.

The great news, however, had a bad press. The east wind of criticism blew through the sunshine of that boasted and boosted "record figure"; and then we learned that it was quite a mistake to suppose the distinguished author intended to profit by his literary labours. On the contrary, all the sossands—minus "exs.," of course—were to be devoted to the Great Cause of Charity! (Loud and prolonged applause, during which the rt. hon. gent. went out of office.)

The next we hear about the great book is that those American papers which had bought the serial rights were "kicking" because the distinguished author was bringing down its value by writing, before the book was even written, a series of weekly articles for other papers, so taking the gilt off the gingerbread.

Thereupon Mr. L. G. most magnanimously solved the difficulty by relieving the American papers of their contract (the proceeds of which, you may remember, were to be devoted to Charity) but did not break the contract for the articles, the proceeds of which he wanted for other purposes.

Said articles then duly begin to appear. So does this telegram:—

BERLIN, Tuesday.

Inter-Allied officials have caused to be removed from the walls of Cologne posters giving extracts from Mr. Lloyd George's recent articles, and the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has been written to and warned not to repeat the offence. —Central News.

So that's how things work out. The distinguished statesman who was returned to power mainly because he promised to "make Germany pay" becomes the distinguished journalist whose articles give such joy to the German heart that the bill-stickers plaster the walls of Cologne with extracts.

I have had the curiosity to look up the brightest and best of the articles. It talks of Europe "at the gates of hell," with "the nations" still "dancing their war dance," "a mad world to live in" whilst "the shrieks of clawing nations rent the night."

And who was to blame? asks the rt. hon. journalist. "Everybody and nobody," is his answer—anybody but Germany, in short.

No wonder the Germans hastened to translate these sentiments and rush them into print. For even the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* would admit that they sound exactly like extracts from one of their own leading articles.

# THE RED

by A. G. G

***THE presence of Communists in Parli... picture Britain suffering the terrible... article the facts as they really exist are... at night listening for the sapping... Mr. Gardiner's...***

THE air is thick with the rumours of secret societies. Read the *Morning Post* and your sleep will be filled with visions of hosts of Communists digging underground and preparing to blow you and your comfortable society to atoms. Read the *Daily Herald* and you will see the hosts of Capitalism forging in some terrific subterranean furnace the chains for the proletariat. Each picture has a ha'porth of fact mixed with an intolerable deal of fiction. Each has about as much relation to the truth as a Guy Faux Day "guy" has to Guy Faux.

I am not suggesting that there are not secret societies and secret conspiracies. There are; and in the present circumstances of the world it would be strange if there were not. Civilisation has had such a jolt as it has never had before since civilisation began. The earth tremors are still with us, and a good many more fabrics which looked as though they were built for all time may fall before we have emerged from the ordeal.

IT is natural that in such a time of disruption and dissolution there should be strange gospels preached and strange underground movements at work. We have all, individually and collectively, been knocked sideways, flung out of the familiar ruts in which we had grown up, and which we had come to regard as belonging to the nature of things, and it is not surprising that we should run amuck somewhat in this direction or that.

Moreover, when we look abroad, there is abundant ground for feeling anxious about the tendency of things. We have seen Russia plunged into the vortex of Bolshevism, Italy swept by a tidal wave of crazy reaction, and other nations trembling on the brink of similar abysses. It seems as though we are in a world where at any moment any system may topple into the pit. Here a nation plunges into a mad internationalism and there a nation plunges into a mad nationalism, and which form of insanity is the worse, it is hard to say.

IF we survive the catastrophe which is overtaking so many unfortunate peoples, we shall do well. But we must not expect to pass through this tremendous time as unscathed and as peacefully as if we were at a prayer meeting. We are out in a storm such as never blew upon our vessel before; and if some of our timbers crack and some of our rigging goes, and if there is a good deal of excitement aboard, it is what we must expect. What we need in order to weather the storm is to keep our heads cool and our spirits high, and to avoid wild lurches either in the direction of revolution or reaction.

And, in spite of all the feverish talk about secret societies, I am disposed to think that the temper of this nation is bearing the strain well. I decline to get in a panic with the *Morning Post*, for example, over the menace of Communism. It is true that we have now in Parliament a substantial body of declared Communists, chiefly from the Glasgow area. I am glad to see them in Parliament. That is the place where all the extremists, whether of reaction or revolution, should let off their "hot air." There is no cure for extravagant doctrines like publicity and discussion.

Mr. Ramsay Mac...

The worst thing you can do with a notion with which you do not agree is to try to suppress it by force. That only drives it underground and makes it dangerous. If a doctrine is sound it ought to be heard freely, so that it can be spread and approved. If it is unsound it ought to be heard so that it can be refuted and discredited.

I rejoice that the Communists are in Parliament, so that we can have their ideas examined in the light of day and see how they stand the test. I should like to see the Editor of the *Morning Post* in Parliament too, so that we could examine his prehistoric notions as well. Mr. Newbold and Mr. Gwynne would cancel each other out, and we should not need to worry about either, for neither represents any dominant element in our public life.

THAT is especially the case in regard to the Glasgow Communists. The attempt of the *Morning Post* to tar the Labour Party with the Communist brush is as untrue to the fact as it is mischievous in intent. Neither among the leaders of the Labour Party nor among the rank and file is there any Communistic tendency; and it is fairly certain that before long there will be an unavoidable rupture between the Communist tail and the main body of the Parliamentary Labour Party. That Party is made up of two pretty well-defined groups, neither of which has any more leanings towards the Communist philosophy than the Liberal Party has, and not much more than the Tory Party has.

There is the trade-union group, whose representative men are of the type of Messrs. Henderson, Clynes, and J. H. Thomas; and there is the I.L.P. group, whose representative men are Messrs. Macdonald, Philip Snowden, and Arthur Ponsonby. These two

***THE Editor does not necessarily share the... of sufficient interest and importance to... journal the recognised platform for the free...***

# ...D SCARE

## ...GARDINER

***...rliament has scared some people. They ...ble fate of Russia. In this illuminating ...are laid bare. "We need not lie awake ... and mining of secret societies," is conclusion.***

groups are friendly—but by no means enthusiastically friendly. The trade-union group inclines to the old Radical position rather than to the Socialist doctrine of the I.L.P. But whatever their fundamental differences, they are equally remote from the crude Communist gospel of the Clyde, and the entirely artificial compact between them and the Communists is pretty certain to go.

...acdonald, M.P.

The bedrock fact about the British working man is that he is neither a fanatic nor a revolutionary. He is concerned mainly about three things: wages, working conditions, and personal freedom. The old Adam of Individualism is strong in him as in most of us. His Socialism is the practical Socialism which is the complement rather than the antithesis of Individualism. Whatever can be better done by the community than by the private adventurer he would socialise, but he does not want any surgical operation in politics, and the universal socialisation of industry is a doctrine that makes no appeal to him.

Take the Lancashire operative, for example. He would laugh at the idea of socialising the industry in which he is engaged. He knows too much about that industry to be attracted by the idea. He is one of the most successful co-operators in the world, and he has applied his talent for co-operation to his own trade with results that have satisfied him that it can only be conducted successfully on the basis of private control, with Labour powerfully organised to protect its own interests. Upon this basis, the Lancashire cotton industry has achieved a supremacy in the world markets which is without parallel in trade, and which a revolutionary change in its control would certainly destroy.

THE Lancashire operative does not want to destroy the industry by which he lives, and he knows that the way to correct the in equalities of rewards between Capital and Labour is not by revolutionising (and incidentally destroying) the industry, but by the screw of taxation which he can wield through his control of Parliament.

I have taken the case of the Lancashire operative because I happen to know more about him than I know about any other great class of industrial workers; but I believe he represents the general outlook of the British artisan. He is a reasonable man and a practical man. He wants liberty and a livelihood and has no wrecking propensities. He is the most unpromising material in the world for the Communist theory to work on. Communism aims at smashing the whole machine of society; but bad as that machine is, the working man knows that the worst thing he can do with it is to smash it. He has before him as an object-lesson the terrific example of Russia, and he is intelligent enough to know that a similar experiment with a purely industrial country like ours would produce even worse ruin than that which has overtaken Russia. He will not cut off his nose to spite someone else's face.

For these, and for other reasons, I repeat that I do not share the panic of the *Morning Post* about Communism. It is a weed that will not take root in our soil, for we are at once the most practical and the least doctrinaire people on earth. There is, I think, as little chance of Communism sweeping this country or the Labour movement as there is of the Ku Klux Klan or any of its silly imitations becoming anything more than a jest among us.

THE danger is the less since the recovery of Parliament. The true specific against all extremists is the maintenance of the credit and efficiency of Parliamentary Government and, much as I have disagreed with Mr. Bonar Law in the past, and much as I expect to disagree with him in the future, I think the country owes an incalculable debt of gratitude to him for the honest work he has done in cleansing the very dirty stables which Mr. Lloyd George had left behind him at Westminster. There is a more wholesome atmosphere in our public life to-day than has been the case since 1914, and in this fact is the best assurance against the inroads of fanaticism, whether from the troglodytes of the *Morning Post* or the firebrands of the Clyde.

LET us have an honest Parliament as the clearing-house of the grievances and distresses of the nation, and we need not lie awake at night listening for the sapping and mining of secret societies. I do not much mind whether the Tories are in power or Labour is in power, so long as the Parliamentary institution is functioning in the atmosphere of free discussion. That is our safety-valve and our safeguard against the explosives that must accumulate in the national system in times of stress and strain like these.

Communism is one of those explosives, and the best way of making it harmless is to bring it into Parliament.

*...views expressed on this page, but considers them ...warrant publication. It is intended to make this ...discussion of the leading topics of the day.*

## THE CLERGY IN THE DOCK

*by*

**The Rev. CLARENCE MAY**

THE number of cases of clergymen being charged with annoying women, by peering at them in the street, following them, or attempting to speak to them does not seem to diminish. Scarcely a week goes by without some unfortunate curate, or even vicar, being pilloried by the police.

Once in a while a verdict of guilty is returned; sometimes the charge is dismissed; occasionally an insufficiency of evidence causes the case to be abandoned.

In any event the priest leaves the dock a changed man, very probably ruined for life.

Arrest on such a charge is a serious matter for any man, but for a clergyman it is almost fatal. By reason of the high standard of life demanded of him, he is more easily ruined than a man in any other trade or profession. Not only will a serious charge, when proved, disqualify a priest (and rightly so) from following his calling when another man may continue to earn his living in the same way as he has always done, but the mere fact that a charge has been made, even though refuted, will damage a man's usefulness for life.

Recently I had brought to my notice the case of a brother clergyman, and his story shows how easily a reputation can be lost. He had been attending a meeting at St. Martin's Vestry, and on coming out had strolled up and down the small court while waiting for a friend.

A youth came up to him and asked him for money for food. He was given a shilling and then demanded more. This demand was naturally resented. The youth became abusive and threatened to bring a serious charge against the priest. My friend tried in vain to shake off the youth, who continued to follow him down the Strand demanding money.

At length in Fleet Street the priest crossed to a policeman and pointing directly at the boy on the opposite side of the road said, "Is that the direction of Blackfriars Bridge?" The youth, thinking a complaint was being made against him by the clergyman, promptly fled.

I do not suggest that there be any hushing up of clerical scandals. In the best interests of the Church it is highly necessary that they should see the light of day. But I do protest most vehemently against a man's character being sworn away by the police when very often no corroborative evidence whatever is produced to substantiate their statements.

If steps are not taken to discourage the officiousness of the police, and if the weight of their evidence is not discounted, a priest will not only fear to cross Hyde Park, but he will fear to cross the road to help a starving beggar or deal with a case of obvious sin. Perhaps, after all, it is better to be like the priest in the parable and to pass by on the other side.

# Women on the Scaffold

*by* Miss ELLEN HAYES

**Of the murderesses who have gone to the scaffold prior to Mrs. Thompson, no one can speak with greater authority than Miss Ellen Hayes, who for 50 years was a travelling Inspector of Prisons under the Home Office. In the following article she describes the manner in which these notorious women went to their doom.**

Miss ELLEN HAYES

LOOKING back over my long years' association with crime and criminals, I find it hard to understand the difference between the claims to consideration of a woman like Mrs. Thompson, or a man like Ronald True, and those of Mary Ansell, one of the most unhappy, and I think most unfortunate, of the women it was my lot to visit in prison before she paid with her life for her attempt to kill her sister.

Yet it is only a little over twenty-three years since this unhappy woman died on the scaffold of St. Albans Prison, without account being taken of the fact that she was unquestionably insane, and that the taint in her family was obvious, seeing that she was charged with poisoning her sister, who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum, by sending through the post a cake in which arsenic had been introduced.

* * *

I shudder when I recall the circumstances of my meetings with that young woman before and after her conviction. She had all the marks of imbecility about her, and if ever there was a case for sparing a woman's life on that ground here was one, but, alas!

For days before the execution the unhappy woman lay in a state of collapse at the thought of her fate, and on the morning of her execution she had to be practically carried.

I caught a glimpse of the poor creature as she was being hurried away, and the sight is one I shall never forget. The look on her face was that of the poor hunted animal being led to the slaughter. I was told afterwards that she had summoned to her aid a wonderful reserve of courage in the last few minutes and had met her death bravely enough.

* * *

It was in 1900, within the grim walls of Newgate, that I made the acquaintance of what I still regard as the most remarkable of all the women occupants of the condemned cell who have come under my notice. This was poor Louise Masset, a French governess, hanged for the murder of her little boy.

No case in recent years excited such influential agitation against the death sentence, and I know that appeals were made to Queen Victoria on behalf of the unhappy young woman.

There are still those who believe that this woman was innocent, but I am not among that number, because it was to me that she made her confession of guilt within a few hours of her end. It was at a time when the public had had a surfeit of baby farming cases, and there was some support for the prisoner's story that she had given her illegitimate child into the keeping of a woman, whom she had met in one of the London parks, in consideration of a cash sum.

* * *

The prosecution had difficulty in making out their case that the mother had in fact taken the child into the lavatory of Broad Street station and murdered him by means of a fire brick found in the place. There was also the question of motive, the Crown being only able to allege that the woman wanted to get rid of the child because it might prove a barrier to the marriage she was about to contract.

One of the ablest counsels of that day poured scorn on this motive, and I confess it seemed to me utterly inadequate at the time. There was no other motive apparent, but in her confession the condemned woman cleared up this mystery by revealing to me a motive quite in keeping with the character of a cultured woman, who undoubtedly loved the child she was accused of murdering.

While a young and inexperienced girl she had been betrayed by the son of her rich employer, and even six years after the event she could not refer to it without displaying signs of great distress. She was particularly sensitive in regard to taunts against the child which was just reaching the age when children want to ask questions.

* * *

"I could not bear the thought of the finger of scorn being pointed at my child," she said to me in accents that carried conviction; "the more I thought of it the more it maddened me, and finally there came a moment when I was so tortured that I thought it would be better to end his life than have him suffer as I had seen a boy of my acquaintance suffer from the jeers of his playmates. I see now that it was wrong, and ever since I committed the crime I am haunted by that pleading face, by those innocent eyes, that stared at me in wonder as I struck the terrible blow."

Louise was a deeply sensitive woman who shrank from bodily pain, and the dread of the gallows was strong on her, but, nevertheless, I know that in the end she would have been very unhappy had she escaped.

She felt it was her penance for taking the life of her child.

"I shall not have peace in this world. I can only win peace and forgiveness by meeting my death bravely," she told me. And certainly she did her best to face with becoming courage that fate from which the bravest might shrink.

* * *

I have been asked which of the women who have come under my notice in the condemned cell have appealed to me as being the most beautiful. It is not a question that is prominent in one's mind under such circumstances, but unquestionably the face that comes to mind when I try to seek an answer in my recollections of the past is that of the last woman to be hanged in this country previous to Mrs. Thompson. I refer to the lovely Rhoda Willis, or Leslie James.

She was a woman with the face and the outward seeming of a beautiful angel, but, in her case, appearances were very much deceptive, for she was one of the most ruthless of the baby farmers, and had smothered the innocent babes committed to her care.

She stubbornly maintained her innocence up to the last, but finally confessed within a few minutes of meeting her death. Though it was on her forty-fourth birthday that this woman was hanged she still retained her good looks.

* * *

There is only one case in my long experience bearing any resemblance to that of Mrs. Thompson and Bywaters. That was the case of Emily Swann and her lover, John Gallagher, who were executed at Wombwell for the murder of the unwanted husband.

The man was younger than the woman, and there was little doubt that she had been the moving spirit in the crime, but at that time the agitation against the hanging of women was at its height, and there was a great deal of pressure exerted to save this woman from the gallows. Both suffered the death penalty however.

* * *

Mrs. Dyer, another of the notorious baby farmers, was also among those whom I visited in her cell at Newgate in 1896 before she was executed. She had taken in a large number of nurse children from time to time, and there had been deaths, but the only ones brought directly home to her were those of the little ones she had thrown into the Thames at Reading.

In some respects Mrs. Dyer was unquestionably the worst woman to expiate her crimes on the gallows, because, in spite of her guilt, she posed as a very religious and much injured woman, and spent a good deal of her time singing hymns and praying for her "persecutors," the name by which she designated those who had proved the case against her.

She went to her fate without a word expressive of real penitence. She was confident up to the last moment that she would be reprieved, and on the morning of the execution she broke into violent protest against what she termed the indecent haste of those responsible for the execution arrangements, declaring that it was only a matter of minutes until reprieve would arrive.

* * *

One of the first things that struck me about women under sentence of death was their extraordinary capacity for keeping up the claim of innocence. All possessed this in varying degrees, and some of them were so confident in their manner that it was hard to disbelieve them.

Mrs. Dyer in particular was most voluble in her protestations of innocence, but in her case the effect was marred by the hypocrisy to which I have referred, hypocrisy which often caused her to keep up the pretence of being truly fond of children, whereas it was quite obvious that the woman had no interest in children at all, save as a means of making money. Nearly every prisoner had the impression that the fact that the reigning monarch was a woman would tell in their favour; but, as it fell to my lot to make a personal report to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in regard to the Masset case, on which there had been a memorial from distinguished French women in favour of reprieve, I learned from her own mouth, and through the Home Secretary, that Her Majesty had little sympathy with the idea that women should enjoy a privileged position under the law.

* * *

In regard to the beautiful Rhoda Willis a curious incident occurred. The hangman of that day raised some objection to being called on to carry out the sentence on a woman, and at one moment it seemed that we should have the first hangman's strike in this country.

The authorities received an offer from a woman to carry through the sentence. The offer was not accepted, however, and the general impression in official circles at the time was that the execution of this woman would be the last in this country so far as my sex are concerned.

# Human Documents

***Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.***

"WHY is it, dear 'Humanist,' that some people receive afflictions which they really don't deserve and which ruin their lives completely? This has happened to me, and I am now in a very great predicament.

## The Blind Man's Sweetheart

"Before the war I met a girl with whom I fell in love, and she promised to marry me whenever my apprenticeship was up (I am an engineer). I went into the Army, of course, and during all this time the girl waited for me. I was very badly wounded in the face in 1916, and though the scars have now almost disappeared, my eyesight was seriously injured; I have been taking treatment ever since, but it gets steadily worse and now I am almost blind.

"It is really terrible to think that as each day goes by the light which I see gets duller and duller. Everything is a haze just now, and soon, I know, there will be nothing but darkness. The doctors have tried all sorts of things, and I was for nearly a year in a dark room, but it did no good.

"The great problem that faces me now is that my girl, whom I have not asked to share my lot, has offered to marry me.

"I am quite healthy apart from my sight, but I cannot earn my living and have only a small pension. I could not bear to think that she would have to keep me. And yet I cannot think of giving her up. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*My deepest sympathy is yours, and I trust that things will not become as bad as you think. Prepare, however, by learning a trade which a blind man can do, or, better still, try to start a small business which you and your wife can attend to. If you both love get married, but be sensible enough to prepare first. You are lucky to have the love of such a woman.*

"I AM 24 years of age. At 18 I married a girl about five years my senior, and though so young, the first few months of our married life were ideally happy. But soon the blow fell.

## Reward of Forgiveness

I found letters which proved beyond doubt that my wife was expecting a baby as a result of a clandestine affair with a man with whom she had been acquainted before I met her.

"Indifferent to everything in my distress, I got possession of the incriminating letters. She left me and went back to her mother, and, just 18 months after our wedding, her baby was born, she all the time keeping up relations with her lover.

"The baby died at 10 months of age, and I immediately sought a reconciliation and this was brought about and a home got together again on condition that she saw the man concerned no more, for I felt sure that she would make a good wife if the baneful influence of the homebreaker was eliminated.

"We had been together again only five weeks when she left me again without any apparent cause, and went back to her mother. That was 2½ years ago and she now has a child 18 months old.

"Now, 'Humanist,' I have no definite evidence of the time and place of misconduct, only the birth certificate of the second baby and my 'wife' herself will not give me the desired information. The strain and worry brought on a wasting disease and I have been compelled to spend the last 18 months in sanatoria. I am now partially recovered and soon hope to try a light job, for I am literally penniless. Could I get a divorce on the evidence stated and what would it cost?"

"Humanist" says: *A second reconciliation is impossible. You may sue as "a poor person" at a cost of a few pounds. Write to the Secretary, Poor Persons Department, Royal Courts of Justice, London.*

"I WAS born the son of a wealthy man, and was taught to indulge in all things extravagant. I went to Oxford, and at the age of 28 met the woman whom I knew was the only one for me.

## A Son's Duty to His Father

"My father objected, however, and did a mean thing. He persuaded the girl to go away by threatening to cut me off with a shilling. I went in search of her after a violent quarrel with my father, but it was five years later before I found her, in a low part of New York.

"She had been unable to earn her living, and had succumbed to temptation.

"The shock of seeing me prostrated her, and she fell ill. Ultimately she died without ever having been my wife. I nearly went mad after that, and tried to drown my sorrows in drink.

"Then the war broke out, and I joined up. When I came out of the Army I found that my father had been ruined (most of his interests were in Central Europe) and was quite penniless, and in broken health. I obtained work, and have gradually made good.

"Now, here is my problem: My father has written me saying he must go to the workhouse or starve.

"What am I to do? I am torn between duty and the realisation of the sorrow he caused me."

"Humanist" says:—*Your path is clear. Take your father to your home and to your heart. He loved you or he would not have done what he did, despicable though it was. Remember that but for him and the education he gave you, you would probably not have made good. Two wrongs never yet made a right.*

"I UNDERSTAND you advise anyone on any trouble. In my case I am afraid you cannot advise or help, but it will relieve my mind. I was about twelve years of age when as the result of an accident I lost use of my legs and injured spine. I spent some years in hospitals, but failed to obtain relief.

## Buffeted by Adversity

"I learnt a trade, basket making, and settled down to try and get a living, and up to 1916 just managed to rub along. Then I had to go into hospital again and had both legs amputated.

"When I came out I lodged with my mother, a widow, and began work again. But 1919 was the end of any trade in baskets and I got into difficulties and now have nothing and am being pressed by a firm who I owe a small account. To add to my troubles, the tricycle chair I ride about on is worn out and I cannot get out.

"I have nothing and no one to give me a helping hand. I managed to pick up a knowledge of boot repairing, but lack capital.

"What can I do? And what can you say that will help me? I am 29 years of age and finished."

"Humanist" says: *Yours is a case which "The Greatest of These" Fund may help. Perhaps one of our Good Samaritan readers will come forward and assist. Readers who send their contributions to "The Greatest of These" Fund are helping such cases as this.*

***ONE GUINEA** will be awarded each week to the sender of the best Human Document. This week's winner is*
**"BUFFETED BY ADVERSITY."**


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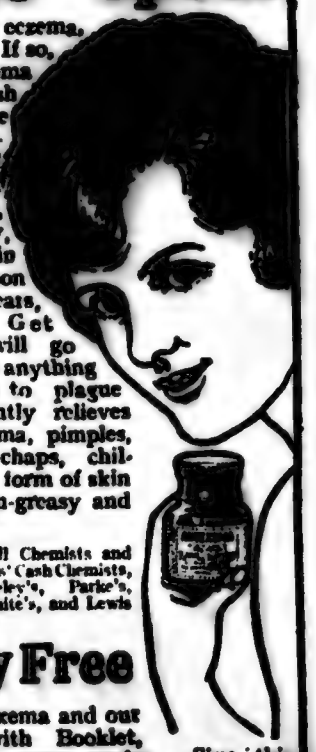

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# THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

## A Ducal Dud with a Craving for Publicity

*by* HARRISON OWEN

ON a charge "that he did wilfully and knowingly endeavour to obtain certain benefit —to wit, gratuitous advertisement in the pictorial Press—to which he was not legally entitled," the jury found the Duke of Leinster "guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the case for the public, stated that the Duke was a young man on whose aristocratic hands time hung heavily, and whose plebeian soul felt a continual craving for notoriety. He had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and had consistently used the utensil for scooping up large quantities of limelight. His passion for publicity had caused him, last year, to attempt to establish a motor-scorching record between London and Aberdeen. The excuse for this road-hoggishness was said at the time to be a side wager of £3,000, but if the accused had ever collected the money there was no evidence that he had given any of it to charity or toward relieving the distress caused by unemployment. Any person who really understood the meaning of *noblesse oblige* might have been expected to do something of the kind.

"This blue-blooded stunt-monger," continued Mr. Watchdog, "enjoyed another burst of publicity when he joined the Irish Army, leaving London with a great flourish of trumpets, after carefully posing for a number of Press photographers. His latest conspiracy, hatched with a view of obtaining gratuitous and undeserved advertisement, takes the form of a scheme for crossing the Atlantic in a 12-ton ketch. Altogether the accused has obtained some thousands of pounds worth of advertisement by these means and, whether he has intended it or not, the public exhibition he has made of himself as an example of aristocratic uselessness has been of distinct value to certain agitators."

Counsel for the defence did not dispute the facts, but he urged in extenuation that as his client had rather less than the average share of brains it was exceedingly doubtful if he could have employed his time more usefully, even if he had wished to do so. He had sought publicity by the means alleged against him simply because his limited talents prevented his winning a place in the public eye by any other means.

After the jury had delivered its verdict, Mr. Justice Bull said that if the offences had been committed during the Silly Season, there might have been something to say in extenuation of them, but all of them had taken place during the close season for silliness.

"I agree," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "with what counsel for the public has said regarding the bad effect that must be produced at a time of unemployment like the present by these escapades of an unemployed Duke. The unearned income of which the accused is in receipt is really an unemployment dole on a large scale, and it is clearly not in accord with public policy that the dole should be wasted on unnecessary petrol and police court fines. If the accused is as anxious for limelight as he appears to be, he should seek a place in a revue, in some of which the presence of a young lord might be held to compensate for a notable absence of *young* ladies.

"The sentence of the Court is that the accused shall remain unphotographed for the term of his natural life and shall cross the Atlantic in a motor-car. The latter portion of the sentence will be suspended on his entering into a bond to be of good behaviour for twelve months. If, during this period, his name or photograph appears in a newspaper, either in this country or in any other, except at the head of a charity subscription list, the sentence will be put into effect."

# Printers' Pie . . .

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—"ALWAYS ON TIME. John Heywood's Railway Guide for DECEMBER. ON SALE EVERYWHERE SATURDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 30."

"JACK'S PAPER":—"There faced him not human faces but grinning skulls—bare bones and SOCKETLESS EYES."

"IDEAS":—"My arms are aching to hold you, and my WHOLE BEING cries piteously for its OTHER HALF."

"HOME CHAT":—"He kissed her WITH HIS BOY'S HEART ON HIS LIPS."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Though it came with huge leaps over the rough, rubbled floor, IT MADE A NOISE. THERE WAS ABSOLUTE SILENCE ALL THE TIME."

"ALDINE FOOTBALL STORIES":—"Dick, who WAS LISTENING WITH HIS EARS AS WELL AS WITH EVERY DROP OF HIS BURNING BLOOD, heard dimly the distant banging of a door."

"SHEFFIELD MAIL":—"On Christmas morning —— —— was found lying dead in his bunk shot through the heart in circumstances pointing to SUICIDE. . . . . REPORTS OF OTHER CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 2."

"BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART" (advertisement):—"Lady's high leg patent lace boots, HIGH HEELS, REACH TO KNEE."

# THE MEN MOTHERS

## Trials of Widowers with Young Children

"CHILDREN sweeten labour; but they make misfortunes more bitter," wrote Bacon three hundred years ago in his essay, "Of Parents and Children."

Many and pathetic as are the appeals which we receive from widows and orphans from whom the breadwinner has been taken, it would be difficult to conceive anything more distressing than the plight of a hard-working man who has been bereft of his loving helpmate and left to continue the struggle for existence in loneliness, and care as best he can for his motherless children.

Here are a few such cases which have recently been brought to our notice:

The first is that of a man who soldiered in France with the gallant London Scottish. While he was facing death on the battlefield his wife was risking her life making munitions. She was killed while at work in 1918, and the poor man was left with five motherless little ones to look after. For several months now he has been unable to obtain employment, and he has no pension. He is a man of good character, strongly recommended by his parish priest.

Another case is that of a man who has been out of work almost continuously since January, 1921. When he was discharged by a well-known firm purely through slackness of trade. He lost his wife in October, 1918, one child in November, and another in December of the same year. He still has two little girls, eleven and nine years of age. He has struggled along as best he could with the aid of the dole, but now all that the Relieving Officer has to offer him is a ticket for the workhouse. For the sake of his children he is anxious not to accept this form of hospitality, but he has reached his last extremity. Everything pawnable which he possessed has gone to provide food and clothing, and he pathetically asks us for assistance which will relieve him of the necessity of pawning an overcoat which we gave him a year ago.

In a third case the distressed widower has four children attending school, but their clothing and boots especially are in such a deplorable condition that their health must suffer if they are not renewed.

Help us to go on helping these "men mothers."

No. 1 of a Great New Super-Sevenpenny Magazine out January 20. Order your copy NOW.

Romance

# "The Greatest of These—"

*(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Faith," 6d.; "Hope," 4d.; Anon. (Liverpool), 1s.; I. D. (Hull), 5½d.; Mrs. F. L., 2s. 10d.; "Bessie," 1s. 9d.; "Debtor," 1s. 6d.; W. S., 1s. 6d.; N. (Jersey), 3s.; Anon., 3d.; J. N., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 3s.; Anon., 1s.; "Peterkins," 2s. 6d.; A. E., 1s. 3d.; Anon., 1s. 9d.; "Recently Widowed," 5s.; "Kiner," 2s. 1d.; "Hopeful Bullet Winner," 6d.; Liverpool, 9½d.; T. A. O., 2s.; E. & O. M., 6s.; "Jobless," 4d.; F. F., 2s. 6d.; "Well-wisher," 6d.; A. (Holloway), 15s. 7d.; "Hobbeach," 2s.; G. G. S., 1s. 0½d.; "Thanksgiving," 5s.; Mrs. A., 6½d.; "North Curry," 10d.; "Gambles," 1s. 4½d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; E. K., 4½d.; R. P., 1s. 3d.; I. R. A., 1s.; H. J., 1s. 7d.; "Unemployed," 1½d.; Mrs. M. A., 2s. 6d.; "Hoping," 1s. 2d.; "Jumbo," 1s.; A. H. F., 2½d.; "Kiner," 1s. 7d.; "Nipper," 7d.; "Sawyer," 9d.; "Devon," 3d.; T. C., 10½d.; "Yakse," 4s. 11d.; J. H., 3s. 6d.; J. P., 6d; H. F., 8d.; "Northland," 8s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; W. C. (York), 1s.; "Peter," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Broughty Ferry," 3½d.; "Young Widow," 2s 6d.; J. R. B., 1s. 3d.; A. B., 9d.; "Adsum," 1s. 1½d.; L. C., 1s. 2d.; Mrs. G. G, 10d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 3s.; Anon., 1s; Charlotte, 2s. 2d.; Anon. (Beckenham), 7s.; F. M. D. (Brixton), 3s.; "Clyde," 2s. 3d.; A. W., 1s.; L. J., 1s. 2½d.; "Camberwell," 1s.; "Wellwisher" (Dudley), 2s. 2d.; "Grateful Heart," £1; "Tailor," 7½d.; "Mummy," 6d.; A. F., 1s. 2d.; "Jewish Ex-Service Man," 9d.; "Flier," 7½d.; "Hard Up," 3d.; Anon., 1s 3d.; Anon., 5½d; "Granny," 5½d.; "Wrexham," 6d.; W. E. R., 1s. 6d.; S. F., 1s.; "We Two" (Enfield), 5s.; "Cardiff," 6d.; C. G., 1s. 3½d; "Gip," 2½d.; Portsmouth, 8½d.; "Magic," 6d.; "Eureka," 3s.; "Almost Broke," 3s. 3d.; "Wicksm," 4s.; "Sailor's Wife," 11½d.; K. M. (Southsea), £1; A. A., 1s. 10d.; Miss E. G., 3s. 6d.; "Hampton," 3s. 9d.; F. J. D., 1s.; Anon, 7s.; "Tommy," 6d.; E. P., 4s.; "Norseman," 3s.; B. D., 6d.; C. C., 10d.; "Allez-vinth," 2s 2d.; "Sigma," 9d.; Anon. (Stockton), 1s.; J. L. H., 1s. 4d.; F. E. S., 6d.; G. C., 1s. 2d.; W. O., 2s.; "Leek," 2s.; "Widow A. G.," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2d.; "Mountain Ash," 10d.; "Friends," 3s. 9½d.; "Very Unlucky," 4s.; E. M., £2 0s. 9d.; "Hopeful" 1s; Anon., 2s 8d.; "Hull," 1s.; "Milliner," 5s. 9d.; "Dorrie," 1s. 9d.; H. A., 3d.; "Wellwisher" (Essex), £1; Anon., 10d.; "Oxford," 2s. 3d.; "Rock Ranger," 9d.; "Car-Perth," 2s.; "Thief," 1s.; "Anno Domini," 11d.; "Feet," 4s.; E. S. R., 10s.; "Tan-y-bwlch," 4s.; "Scarborough," 1s. 3d.; "Bardock," 1s. 6d.; H. R. G., 6d.; Anon., 1s 8d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Ashford," 1s.; "Mother of Seven," 1s. 9d.; "Bristol," 2s. 8d.; "Friend," 6d.; "Pussy," 6d.; H. & H. R., 1s.; W. K., 1s.; G. W. P., 2s.; "Hopeful," 2s.; "Birthday," 3s. 7d.; F. T., 7d.; A. G., 2s. 1d.; Anon., 2d.; "Soldier," 6d.; "In Hope," 3s. 9d.; H. V. P., 1s. 2d.; "Bow Widow," 9½d.; "Hard Up," 10d.; "Marguerite," 5s.; "Superstitious," 2s. 6d.; "Dunstable," 6d.; W. F. A., 2s.; "Bury," 6d.; "Mother," 1s.; I. W. S., 6d.; "Milton," 1s. 0½d.; A. S., 6d.; E. M. C., 7d.; G. J. R., 2s. 6d.; R. M., 2s. 6d.; G. N., 7½d.; K. C. (A), 1s. 3½d.; Mrs. K., 1s.; "Chelsea Miter," 5s.; Anon. (Dorset), 7s. 6d.; "Alteraum," 1s. 6d.; "Bully Beef King," 4s.; G.E.K., 6d.; "Shinfield," 1s. 7½d.; "Working Woman," 2s.; J. A. B., 1s. 6d.; N. D. E., 1s. 2d.; Anon., 6d.; "Peg," 1s.; "Plumstead," 1s. 3½d.; B. J. A., 2s. 6d.; J. L., 1s.; J. G., 6d.; "Nora," 3d.; "Bunty 30," 5s. 6d.; "The Pals," 6d.; "Hopeful One," 9d.; C. B. 5s.; "Windows," 1s. 1½d.; M. A. A., 2s. 6d.; "John Willie," 3s. 8d.; Anon., 1s.; "All I Have," 6d.; "Here's Hoping," 4s 6d.; "Pensioner's Wife," 2s.; "Rekiaw," 9s.; "Frank," 4d.; Anon., 2s. 7½d.; "Wellwisher" (New Southgate), 6½d.; "Long Bill," 2s. 6d.

*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

# BRAIN WAVES

*Some Studies of the Universal New Year's Resolution—and the result.*

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*I am Too Key, Boo ol Glory, Who Seven Thou' And feel like me.*

**To DIRECTOR, HOSPITALS COMPETITION, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London.**

*I enclose P.O. for £.....s.....d..... Please send me.....tickets for the Great Hospitals Competition and the Sheet showing the advertisements in colour.*

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# Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE

### "Snide" Layers.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of the entries for the leading spring handicaps, readers of these notes may expect to be deluged with circulars emanating from alleged "bookmakers," who offer all sorts of facilities to those desirous of opening credit accounts. These communications should immediately be thrown into the waste-paper basket. In nine cases out of ten they hail from men who have not the faintest intention of discharging any obligations they may incur, for of the bona fide layer—that is, the bookmaker who intends to "pay out"—it may be said that he is no party to the "circularising" business, regarding it as an altogether unworthy method of obtaining fresh clients.

### A Standard of Rules.

A scheme is being put forward by the Turf Guardian Society which should do much towards protecting the public against the sharks who seek to prey upon them under the guise of "bookmakers." This is the "standardisation" of starting-price Rules, the acceptance of which, by recognised layers, will *ipso facto* stamp them as men to be trusted. If this plan finds general favour, as it is expected to do, there will be an end to the blatant advertiser who seeks to entrap the unwary by the offer of an egregious "limit," and by similar tempting offers which can only appeal to the neophyte in Turf affairs.

### Returning the S.P.

It is understood that these "standardised" Rules will be submitted for approval to Tattersall's Committee, and also, perhaps, to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Although it is understood that the latter august body takes no cognisance of betting, it is significant that its official organ, when giving records of races past, invariably quotes the betting returns. In these circumstances it is surely not too much to ask that there should be such a thing as official starting-price.

---

### —SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternatives.

**TEDDY (WEDNESDAY).**

2.0 **Smashaway** (Bubbly).
2.30 **Lestad** (Life Buoy).
3.0 **Wavebeam** (Ubeoff).
3.30 **Gristle** (Grey Dawn V.).
4.0 **Mr. Madcap** (Joseph the First).

**TEDDY (THURSDAY).**

1.30 **Bubbly** (Smashaway).
2.0 **Lady Wavelet** (Plas Coch).
2.30 **Ubeoff** (Signum).
3.0 **Specialator** (Little Haven).
3.30 **An Fait** (Martes).

**LICHFIELD (FRIDAY).**

1.0 **Memento** (Prickly, Time).
1.30 **Petty Cury** (Troika, Yewden).
2.0 **Beggar's Bud** (Gem, Catamaran).
2.30 **Gasper** (Cyclax, King Pippin).
3.0 **Good Points** (Carmelstown, Irlandais).
3.30 **Double Scotch** (Llangurren, Prince Regent).

**LICHFIELD (SATURDAY).**

1.0 **Lady Palatine** (King George, Burly).
1.30 **Turkey Buzzard** (Super Man).
2.0 **Simon** (Charlie Wise, Earl Marshall).
2.30 **Turbine Secundus** (Triple Blue).
3.0 **Glass Idol** (Twickenham, Ulysses).
3.30 **Lone Hand** (Maunica).

### JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

**Silken Prince.**—This horse did not seem to be ridden with any great amount of discretion at Newbury, and he may do better next time out. His best distance is probably two miles and a half.

**Clincher.**—A recent addition to Tom Leader's string, this colt shapes well over hurdles. He is likely to win a race in moderate company.

**Impressioner.**—Handicappers seem to have jumped to the conclusion that this is a bad horse. They are not altogether right in this assumption, and he will probably confound them by winning a race or two shortly.

**Little Urchin.**—For some time past this colt has been under the care of Capt. Whitaker, who has found him an apt pupil. In fact, the four-year old is such a quick jumper that he can scarcely fail to gain winning brackets.

**Drifter.**—This horse, who is said to be Jack Anthony's National mount, cannot boast much speed, but he is a rare "lepper," and over a country that wants jumping he should be worth bearing in mind.

**Fairfield.**—Very fit and well at the present time, this horse is likely to give his enthusiastic owner a winning ride in the near future, as handicappers in general seem to have formed a very moderate estimate of his merits.

### ROWLEY MILE STONES.

A feature of the Lincolnshire Handicap entry is the engagement of a number of horses whose best distance is considered to be less than a mile. These include Black Gown, Proconsul, Soldennis, Varzy, Precious, George Drake, Miss Majority, and The Night Patrol.

• • •

Judging by his display at Newbury, Tharros is as great a "dog" over hurdles as he was on the flat.

• • •

Bernera will win more than one selling steeplechase if the ground keeps soft.

• • •

Don't rush to back any of the Lewes horses for the Grand National; wait and see.

• • •

The early Lincolnshire favourite, Soldennis, will get the easy Carlodine mile.

• • •

Why did Hassock dodge King Pippin at Manchester?

### THE BALL GAME.

SATURDAY of this week means a lot to many clubs. Progress in the Cup does not necessarily bring an accumulation of wealth, but in the case of some, victory in a tie or two keeps the bailiffs away for another season. Still, six First Division clubs have got to depart, and with a bit of luck a few of the more obscure teams will survive to the third round. At least, I hope so.

### A Buchan Ambition.

Charlie Buchan is out for a Sunderland record. He tells me he hopes, before his career is over, to take his collection of goals for his club up to 200. As I write, he has scored 160, so if he still keeps on the target—this can be put down as a certainty—he should, if he is not out of the side through injury, reach the double century a year hence. What, by the way, is a club goal-scoring record? Can any John Bullite oblige?

### Cup Debut.

How will the Corinthians shape in their first appearance in the world-famous competition? It is a sporting act of Chelsea's giant goalkeeper, Howard Baker, to throw in his Cup lot with the amateurs, and I think they have an even-money chance of winning at Brighton. They will perhaps need a half-time lead to pull through, as the pros will stay the course better, but their style may get the Brighton defence guessing until the game is won and lost.

### His Majority.

Tim Williamson, the Middlesbrough goalkeeper, has received a heap of congratulations on completing 21 years' service with his club, and yet Tim is still amongst the best dozen men between the posts. Another goalkeeping Williamson (of the Arsenal) once told me it was because of his similarity of surname that he wished to be a pro. goalkeeper. As a boy, he went to see his namesake play, and even his experience did not deter him. In that match Tim had only three shots to stop, and each was successful! That has not happened since.

### Not Their Joe.

Joe Anderson is so unhappy at Burnley that he recently asked to be put on the open transfer list. Anderson isn't the polished article by a long way, but he is the only centre-forward on the club's books who can hustle about in the penalty area. I have heard that Anderson does not always get fair play from the Burnley spectators, and if this is so, no wonder he is looking for a more congenial neighbourhood. The Burnley crowd can't expect to have a team of Kellys.

### Real Discovery.

Mr. Leslie Knighton, the Arsenal manager, made the hit of his career when he told Bob Turnbull to go and try to be a centre-forward. Turnbull's development in the front line is amazing; in fact, I can with no hesitation put him amongst the three best shots in the country. Valuable as his many goals have been, he is picking up the conventional parts of his job with a rapidity that suggests a ready application of intelligence. He's the discovery of the season.

### Rugby Anomaly.

A lot of facetious remarks have been made over the elasticity of Scottish Rugby selection. There is even the prospect of a player who skippered New Zealand a year ago playing for Scotland during the next month or two. Such freedom of eligibility is ridiculous, and the sooner the International Board tackle the question properly the better. The Soccer people choose their players on hard-and-fast rules, and the Rugby legislators ought to follow suit.

### Up to Davies.

"You needn't be afraid of our backs next week, but our forwards are going to be hot." So writes a Swansea friend in reference to the coming Rugby international. England have been invincible at Twickenham, but there is a feeling that the record is about to go west. Well, we've still got Davies, and with a chance or two the Naval commander can win the game by himself.

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# John Bull's Footballers

## No. 17.—A. GRIMSDELL ('Spurs).

THE South has not done its share in the production of class half-backs, but Arthur Grimsdell is one of the exceptions, a middle-line performer with no superior in the last decade.

Grimsdell is a good bit heavier than most of the famous wing-halves of any time, and he uses his weight as it should be used—whole-heartedly, but always legitimately. One of the treats of present-day Soccer is a Grimsdell solo burst. Half an opening, and through the defence he will force himself—all the time keeping control of the ball.

No contemporary approaches him as a menace to goalkeepers. Who can forget who saw them his two goals in an international at Glasgow? He rattled the Scots badly in that game.

Still, this is only one side of Grimsdell. First, he is a polished player with intelligence in everything he attempts. No other 'Spur contributed so much as he to the high standard of his team.

Watford's chief industry seems to be the production of players. This is where Arthur hails from, and he has a hundred imitators among the local youth.

His one remaining football aim is a First Division championship medal. He holds a Second Division one, a F.A. Cup one, and he has achieved the great honour of leading his side against Scotland. A great tactician, he is the ideal skipper, and the 'Spurs never play so well when his inspiration is not behind them.

Like the few model pros., Grimsdell takes his football very seriously, and, like most of the cracks, he is very modest about it. His name will live long in Soccer history.

P.S.

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Next Week: W. GILLESPIE (Sheffield U.)

### FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 13.

(Nap selections in black type.)

(Only the more important of the English and Scottish Cup-ties are dealt with, together with standing League features).

HOME WINNERS.

**Portsmouth, Huddersfield, Chelsea, Derby C., Queen's P.R., Everton, Liverpool, Aston Villa, Cardiff, S. Shields, Sunderland, Bury, Manchester C., Bristol C., Newcastle, Leicester, Darlington, Rochdale, Raith R., Partick T., Hamilton A.**

AWAY WINNERS.

**Preston, Barnsley, West Ham, Middlesbrough, Bolton W., Notts C., Newport, Rangers.**

DRAWS.

**Merthyr v. Wolves, Brighton v. Corinthians, Bradford C. v. Manchester U., Clapton O. v. Millwall, Notts F. v. Sheffield U., Tranmere R. v. Durham, Exeter v. Northampton, Aldershot v. Queen's Park.**

SUGGESTED COUPONS.

8 HOME:—Chelsea, Cardiff, S. Shields, Bury, Newcastle, Leicester, Darlington, Hamilton A.

4 AWAY:—Preston, Bolton, Notts C., Rangers.

3 DRAWS:—Merthyr v. Wolves, Clapton O. v. Millwall, Notts F. v. Sheffield U.

2 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Chelsea, Cardiff, Preston, Rangers.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Chelsea, Notts C., Tranmere v. Durham.

# How to Pick Winners

## Influence of Courses on Racing Chances

**Ex-handicapper, continuing his instructive series, deals with the partiality of owners for courses, and gives some useful hints regarding horses sent over from Ireland.**

I WROTE last week of certain deductions which the backer could draw from the appearance of horses in selling plates. There is another guide which he will do well to follow.

For the sake of local considerations, an owner will often try to win a race at some particular meeting, such as Lord Londonderry at Stockton, Lord Derby at Liverpool, Sir R. Jardine, Lord Rosebery, Mr. J. Thorneycroft, etc., at the Scottish meetings, Lord Carnarvon at Newbury, the Duke of Westminster at Chester, etc., etc.

As the horses in question are pretty certain to start favourites, by reason of local support, a market is already assured. Here is the chance for a stable which wishes to have a gamble, and in this respect it is important to note the candidate which has made a long journey, say from Stockbridge or Lambourn to Stockton or Ayr for a smallish race.

That is a point to be remembered. There is more likelihood of "finding one" from close observation of entries, etc., than by being on nodding terms with racing people who are invested by the public with superhuman knowledge.

It is generally imagined that all that is required in order to be successful on the Turf is to make the acquaintance of a jockey or a trainer. No greater fallacy ever existed. The great majority of the former are notoriously bad tipsters; they would shake up the Bank of England, and possibly, with the exception of Tod Sloan, they have little or no idea of what is required to win a race, and just as many trainers fancy the majority of their horses when well, so most jockeys fancy the majority of their mounts—or perhaps themselves!

A horse may be well enough, and in the opinion of his trainer good enough, but the probabilities are that other trainers hold the same view, and as I have had the unique opportunity of testing this class of information for many years, I know that, while there may be periods of wonderful successes, these are often followed by a sequence of deplorable losses.

On the whole, the conclusion I reached was that there was not much in the cream of information either way, and that something more reliable than jockeys' and trainers' information must be evolved if one is to be successful on the Turf.

As against the trainers in what is known as the sharp division, whom the public quite erroneously imagine to be rolling in wealth, others just as shrewd, and with far better class horses under their charge, have never been known to invest more than a "fiver" on their fancy.

To show what even the cleverest of trainers can experience when luck is against them, I recall a particular season in which one whose name was a household word in racing circles, and who was generally supposed to be incapable of a mistake, was dogged by such a sequence of disasters—short-head defeats, bad starts, horses shut out, etc., and all backed for pounds, shillings and pence—as few people would credit.

There is a type of backer who is always on the look-out for imported horses—especially Irish importations. Irish form, as a rule, is below that of English, but occasionally, though very seldom, it is better. Handicappers are inclined to take a liberty with these horses, and when a mistake is made, the Hibernians go for a rare haul.

In a season when the form is moderate in England, the Irish division send over something in the nature of a "feeler," and having satisfied themselves that all is well, they make a combined attack later at some other meeting, and, generally speaking, they are successful. In any case, on the principle that they would not go to the trouble and expense of shipping horses to England merely for the sport of the thing, their candidates should not be overlooked.

Manchester and Liverpool are favourite venues of theirs; but, of course, should they make a longer journey and come south, there is all the more reason for assuming that they mean serious business. In sending a string of horses to a particular meeting, they generally include one for a plate. The object of the latter is that, supposing they happen to be totally wrong in their calculations with regard to their big objective, they have a smart "plater" to fall back on in order to wipe out their losses.

At the Epsom meeting when Orby won the Derby, the whole of their fancies came off, and it was not expected that they would run an unusually smart plater on the last day, but they did, and played up their winnings on what was as near a certainty as one can have in racing. It won all right, but the re-purchase price ran to nearly four figures, and the said horse was entered to be sold for £50! A Dublin publican who left with £25 returned with £8,500 of the Sassenachs' money!

While there is no such thing as a certainty (even an Irish certainty) in racing, there is the next best thing—a horse which should win barring accidents; but here due consideration must be paid to the odds. If it is a case of thoroughly exposed form on the part of all the candidates, then it can safely be assumed that the price of the "alleged certainty" will be regulated by the Ring accordingly. The chance will be thoroughly discounted, and only in cases where extreme odds are asked with consequently little business on the part of the public, can it be said that the market ever inclines to the backer.

In trying to calculate the starting price, the propensities of the owner must be considered. Some bet and some do not; some very heavily, others moderately. Among what might be termed the "commercial" element in racing nowadays £5,000 from one owner would not necessarily prove that his horse had any better chance than £500 from another, who was not so well off, but who was equally shrewd at the game.

**Next week's article will show how the price of a horse is very often determined by the character of the owner. Ten points for punters will also be given.**


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W. 2 B.

TO CURE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.
Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.
Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrh of catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—
Secure from your chemist 1oz. Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home, and add to it ½ pint of hot water and 4oz. of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.
The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headaches, dulness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment.
Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

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## ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER.

### No Longer a Child.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable, and often in need of gentle reproof. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as parents.

If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired out after a little exertion; if she tells you of headache or backache, do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs help, for she is most probably anæmic—that is bloodless.

Should you notice any of these disturbing signs, lose no time but procure for her Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills enrich the impoverished blood of girls and women, and so repair waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls health, brightness, and charm, with colour in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, and high spirits.

Let your daughter begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 6d. per box.

Of interest to all girls and women is the book "Nature's Warnings," sent free to those who write to N.W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

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# Our Letter Parliament

Questions that might be asked in the House

**The Price of Thrift.**

I know two men who worked on the same job for the same length of time. One saved and bought a house. The other didn't. Both are now unemployed, but whereas the spendthrift draws the dole, the other has been told to sell or mortgage his home and live on the proceeds. Where is the justice here?—A. W. Awty, 2, Cherry Tree Terrace, Beverley

**The Prince and Marriage.**

The Prince of Wales, it is said, is shortly to become engaged to be married. The old and iniquitous custom of arranging royal marriages for purposes of diplomacy should be ended once for all. It is more than a scandal that royal couples should be joined for life when they may be totally unsuited to each other. Divorce later is denied them. Our Prince is worthy of a happier lot. Let him make his own choice, no matter whether it fall upon an English girl or one of foreign origin.—J. Wilson, Tub's Hill, Sevenoaks

**Paying Off Uncle Sam.**

Why not ask Uncle Sam what he would take in the way of an island or two to make us quit of this terrible down-drag of debt? The Jingoes, of course, will say that they do not want to be taken over by the United States. But it is a case of the greater good for the greater number, and if they prefer the British flag let them come home and get a sample of the taxation.—Wm. Haddon, Earl's Court Road, Kensington.

**Penalising Marriage.**

Only the Local Education Authorities can explain why a married woman may practise law and medicine, while in many cases a female teacher has to resign on marriage. That the services of a teacher, who has been trained at the expense of the State, should be lost as a result of her marriage is both illogical and uneconomical. A glance at the advertisement columns of any educational journal will show that there are still more vacancies than applicants.—(Mrs.) Agnes Maher, 1, Alder Avenue, Widnes, Lancs.

**Pity the Poor Shopkeeper.**

Small shopkeepers have been the special victims of Xmas box hunters during the festive season just ended. Why should this be? Our incomes are seldom over £6 a week, often much less, and our restrictions and liabilities innumerable. We must close at 8 p.m. and an afternoon each week. We are liable, as soon as we engage a servant, to all the penalties of the Employers' Liability Acts. We are excluded from all Government grants such as National Health Insurance and Unemployment doles. Postmen who solicit gifts are in a much better position.—J. Balfour, 391, St. John Street, E.C.1.

**Total Disablement Anomaly.**

According to the Ministry of Pensions regulations, a man who is unfortunate enough to be suffering from tuberculosis caused through War Service may, on the recommendation of the Medical Officer of the Ministry, be granted a Special Diet Allowance of 10s. per week to enable him to obtain extra nourishment. Imagine, then, my surprise, when, after having been in nine hospitals and sanatoriums, and recommended by the Medical Referee for a Special Diet Allowance, I was informed by the Pensions Ministry that

*Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.*

I was not entitled to same because I was *totally disabled*. This decision was upheld by the Headquarters of the Ministry of Pensions.—Sufferer, Port Talbot, S. Wales.

**P.O. Surcharge Ramp.**

Is it fair that harmless gifts from France should be heavily taxed? On a cushion cover with a piece of notepaper wishing Christmas greetings attached to it, a surcharge of 5s. 4½d. was made. On a few chocolate cigarettes sent from one little boy to another, 2s. 6d. was charged. Letters to the G.P.O. about the affair have brought no replies.—Alfred Fincken, Warwick Lodge, Slinfold, Sussex.

**Infection in Trains.**

One sees all sorts of persons, healthy and otherwise, occupying trains, taxis, trams, etc., but one rarely, if ever, sees officials spraying disinfectants after the destination is reached. If this were done there would be fewer fever cases. Medical experts boom disinfectants at home, then why not in public conveyances?—Thos. R. Jowett, Eccleston Lane Ends, Nr. Prescot, Lancs.

**Substitute for the Dole.**

The dole is degrading, so I suggest that the money be paid to any employer who would find work for a person unemployed. There are many one-man businesses whose owners could afford, say, 35s. per week for help, but not £3, so they do the work themselves. I know of two men who employ a boy at 20s; they could find work for a man at £3, but their business just pays, that is all, and they do not feel justified in carrying the extra burden. A clause could be inserted that no person (over age) already employed should be discharged to make room for a doleist.—H. Ayer, 33, Hinden Road, Southfields, S.W. 18.

*From the Housetops!*

*BY all means shout if you want to—but a few words here will produce far more effect.*

*This space is yours. Fill it!*

**One Man, One Job.**

Many headmasters of Council schools, especially in Scotland, hold the offices of Registrars of Births, Marriages and Deaths, Clerks to Parish Councils, Sessions Clerks, and many other offices. During election time they are made Returning Officers in the polling booths and other posts and receive large fees. When they retire from their school when attaining the age limit on a substantial pension, they still hold on to their other jobs, while our ex-soldiers, many of them having received a college education, remain idle and starve. Let the motto of the nation be: "One Man, One Job," and thereby a start would be made to relieve distress through unemployment.—G. Olivet, East End, Chirnside, Berwickshire, N.B.

**Nationalising the Rates.**

How long will the harassed ratepayer (in this district rates are 24s. 10d. in the £, of which 17s. 8d. in the £ is the amount of the Poor Rate) have to wait until the Government recognise that as unemployment is a natural result of the war, so the relief of the unemployed should be carried out by a rate spread equally *over the whole country*, and not by a local rate.

At present the poorer the district the heavier the rate!

Again, as Elementary Education is a national asset so the rate should be a "*national*" instead of a "*local*" rate.—W. G. Hunter, 23, Crescent Road, Plaistow, E.13.

**That Unstamped Receipt.**

Quite recently I bought goods from two firms, whose terms are spot cash, in each case the amount was over £2. I asked for a stamped receipt, to which I was entitled, but was informed that it was not the usual practice. One of the firms in question has over 33 branches.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer should take action immediately, and put an end to this kind of fraud.—R. Griffith, Bolton Road, Blackburn.

**Slate Club Scandals.**

As the Secretary of a Slate Club may I give a suggestion to members of these clubs. They are:—To see their money is banked properly when the Treasurer has a certain sum in hand, say £10 or £20, the Secretary and Stewards to check the entry in the bank-book after any money is banked.

See that no money is withdrawn from the bank without the signatures of the Treasurer, 2 Trustees and Secretary. In our club the money is never left in one person's charge when not in the bank. Every member has the right to examine the books at any time.—Secretary, Clerkenwell.

**Punishment in Schools.**

Considering that nations whom we look upon as less civilised than ours have long abolished corporal punishment in schools, is it not time this cruel, cowardly and barbaric practice was forbidden here (except for assaults on weaker children)? The thrashing of girls by males, in which so many masters seem to take a brutal delight, is particularly to be deprecated.—Evacustes A. Phipson, 111, Oval Road, Croydon.

**Foreign British Consuls.**

The Italian Government has intimated that only Italian subjects may hold office as Consuls for Italy. Would it not be more than well if our Government should make a similar order regarding Britain's Consuls in foreign countries? The protection of British trade and British subjects in many parts of the world is at present delegated to nationals of other countries instead of to Britishers—a humiliating and dangerous state of affairs.—E. Hay, 6, Scotland Street, Edinburgh.

**Women on the Scaffold.**

Mr. J. R. Lees Evans, of "Nellore," Driffold, Sutton Coldfield, states that the letter sent to us on this subject, and which appeared in our issue of 30 December over thesig nature R. W. Lees Evans, was not in fact written by him, and we regret any annoyance caused to him by its publication.

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---

C. O. (Sheffield).—"Reparations are all bosh." Boche, surely?

ALL EVIL (Darlaston).—"Money is a curse." Curses are meat and drink to us.

ALARMED (Jedburgh).—"The juvenile craze for kinemas leads inevitably to disaster." Rubbish!

MARXIAN (Canning Town).—"Do you believe that all men are born equal?" No: some are born fools.

J. A. W. (Charlton).—"Who wrote the Book of Genesis?" The authorship is commonly attributed to Moses.

MRS. W. (Grantham).—"I will come straight to the point." We hope you will, but you didn't arrive in your letter.

S. H. (Paddington).—"Children are not what they used to be." They never were.

RAY OF SUNSHINE (Glasgow).—"I am the happiest person alive." Lang may yer lum reek!

AGNES B. (Wigan).—"Have you heard about our new pier?" Agnes, stop it!

LOVER OF HUMOUR (Alica).—"A sense of humour is an extremely rare gift." So far as your observations go, you are probably right.

ANTI-HUN (Macclesfield).—"Do not delude yourself that you have finished with Germany." By no means: it's her money we want.

DOUBTFUL (Shepherd's Bush).—"How soon after meeting a girl is it proper to use her Christian name?" After noon.

TRAVELLER (Wednesbury).—"The statue of Liberty in New York Harbour seems singularly inappropriate." That is why it faces away from America.

IDEALIST (Matlock).—"The ideal state of society would do away with all forms of punishment." This is what we used to think when we were eight.

C. R. S. (Fulham).—"Do you know anything about hydrostatics?" Our hydrostatic expert resigned on account of the lack of interest displayed by readers in his pet subject.

CURIOUS (Merton).—"I cannot understand what becomes of the millions of pins used daily." We will buy a packet and have them tracked down remorselessly.

ELECTRICIAN (Andover).—"I have made a wireless transmitting set: am I allowed to send messages?" Not without a licence, for which sufficient reasons must be given.

MAGNETIC (Edmonton).—"If I wear my watch on my wrist, it will never go." Have you tried Petticoat Lane?

COALIE (Pwllheli).—"Bonar Law is no better as Prime Minister than Lloyd George was." And no worse.

MRS. H. (Brixton).—"I can't understand why my gas bills are so heavy." After reading your letter, we can.

HEINRICH B. (Berlin).—"The longer I live in Berlin, the better I like London." And the better London likes you.

SUNNY JIM (Bolton).—"What was the name of the Prime Minister in 1887?" Bonar Law.

LABOURER (Sheffield).—"I for one am sorry the war ever stopped." Were you on piece work?

T. B. (Sevenoaks).—"Do you think that Siki can be descended from Psyche?" The family likeness is not marked.

BESSIE T. (London, E.).—"Our minister has a cauliflower ear. Is this a mark of grace?" This is a bit too thick for us.

TORY (Beaconsfield).—"Education only makes the lower classes discontented with their lot." That is one of the chief advantages of it.

DRIVER (Bow).—"I shall never back a horse like that again. Don't you think I'm right?" Certainly, if you really did back him through the plate glass window!

BACCHUS (Darlington).—"Don't you think a man who wilfully smashes a bottle of whisky ought to be hanged?" Our opinion is that he does not deserve a drop.

ELSIE T. (Chester).—"Why should a woman have to take the name of the man she marries?" This is one of those monstrous injustices which cry aloud for redress.

T. L. H. (Northampton).—"Have you ever drunk what the Americans call 'near beer'?" Yes; and the man who invented the name was a mighty poor judge of distance.

E. H. H. (Bridgwater):—"Is it advisable to indulge in physical culture before breakfast for a man of 50 years of age?" So long as his heart is strong, yes.

ADAM SMITH (S. Shields).—"The only way to stabilise the exchange is to abolish gold, silver and paper money, and use coppers for everything." It sounds all right, but what will the policemen say?

*LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

TIM (Manningtree).—"I may not be clever, but I'm clean." Not even that, when you start to use pen and ink.

PHYSIOGNOMIST (Highgate).—"What do black eyes indicate?" A temperament prone to give offence.

NOSEY (Wandsworth).—"What do M.P.s do between sessions?" Some of them work.

C. S. F. (Bungay).—"Who acts as referee in a big billiard match?" The marker.

AGNOSTIC (Holloway).—"I don't think Sunday School teachers are any better than other people." Neither do they, as a rule.

BEAU BRUMMEL (Penrith).—"Why don't men's fashions change as often as women's?" If they did, it would cease to be fashionable to be fashionable.

INSPIRED (Woolwich).—"At times I am sure I have flashes of genius." Please try to have some before writing again: we prefer flashes to splashes.

ANONYMOUS (London).—"The question is 'Who is the Flea'? My answer is 'policemen.'" Then why worry us about it?

S. J. (Nunhead).—"Police Pensioners depriving men out of a living ought to be stopped." We and the million and a half unemployed untirely agree.

SALLY (Guernsey).—"You are a clever old blighter and can fathom puzzles. What do you think of this?" Sally, your familiarity knocks us giddy.

E. D. (Norfolk).—"What is the height of St. Paul's Cathedral?" 365 feet, which is higher than any other building in London.

TISHY O. (The Nook).—"When did the compulsory unemployment scheme come into force?" When Noah sent the first dove out of the Ark.

H. H. (Barnsley).—"Do you think it possible for any tipster continually to give winners?" Well, if you hear of one you might introduce us!

COMPETITOR (Bath).—"I suggest that all prize-winners in your competitions contribute to your 'Greatest of These' Fund." Some of them do, most generously.

CYRUS (Hendon).—"I have been a reader of your valuable paper for over 20 years." You're lucky—seeing that the first number appeared only 16 years ago.

LENTROT (Soho).—"The purest Communistic ideals are being wrecked by misrepresentation." We didn't know there was anything pure or ideal about Communism; and anyway, we are glad to hear of the wreck.

W. M. T. (Colwyn Bay).—"Do you believe in psychology?" Without knowing what you mean, we may say we believe in twins, patriotism, Father Christmas, reparations, Easter eggs and most other things.

JIM (Blackburn).—"I've got a girl who will be wanting the moon next." Let her have it, Jim. We don't mind.

DISMAL (Torquay).—"I am beginning to lose faith in politicians." Sensation at Westminster.

TOMMY (Rangoon).—"Why does the Government stop five rupees a day from the soldiers in Burma?" May be to help pay the Limpets in Whitehall.

A. J. (Leeds).—"Editors do not seem to like my short stories. Can you tell me why?" We could, but probably you wouldn't agree with us.

B. H. (Carlisle).—"What have you to say about the flood of German toys on the market?" Leave them on the market.

F. D. R. (Manchester).—"I bet you won't publish this letter." If we could make head or tail of it, we might take the bet.

GROCER (Coventry).—"I anticipate a very successful year's trade." Splendid! Don't forget the "Greatest of These" fund.

TONY (Newport).—"What do you know about 'getting a thick ear?'" It is one of those things that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

DAISY (Stockport).—"The neighbours tell me I've the sweetest voice they've ever heard." What charming neighbours you must have.

CURIOUS (Doncaster).—"Is there anything worth knowing that you don't happen to know?" Yes, the winner of the next big race.

HORACE (Brighton).—"There's a man down here who's a perfect marvel. He can do anything." Send him to the next Reparations Conference.

DAVY (Sheerness).—"A lot of people here seem to think that the Germans will never pay up." Well, they are right—so far.

JOCK (Aberdeen).—"What verdict should be returned on a man who was killed while picking up a sixpence in the road?" Natural causes, obviously.

VICTIM (Ipswich).—"Every time I sit down I get a sudden pain." Having been had once ourselves we take the precaution to remove the tack first.

MUSE (Northwich).—"Never shall I forget the day, when in the merry month of May—" We tried our best to read with zest your ten-page wail, but gave it best.

HUBERT S. (Knightsbridge).—"I don't feel that I ought to marry the girl, as she is so far below my class." Then why trifle with her? You snobs make us tired.

MABEL (Stourbridge).—"I have a profound admiration for a man who knows what he wants and goes straight for it." If you refer to us, Mabel, we bow most gracefully.

FUTILE (Harrow).—"Is there any particular advantage about being able to remember a lot of dates?" Perhaps not. Once, however, we forgot one, and she was awfully mad.

S. A. (Manchester).—"What was the real cause of the great war? I have heard many answers but none seems sound enough to have caused such a war." That is what we all thought at the time.

A. S. W. (Lamerton).—"I want to borrow a little money to start a business. How shall I go about it?" Don't be rash. Buy a 10s. 6d. JOHN BULL pen for 3s. 6d. instead and win £3,000. See offer in this number.

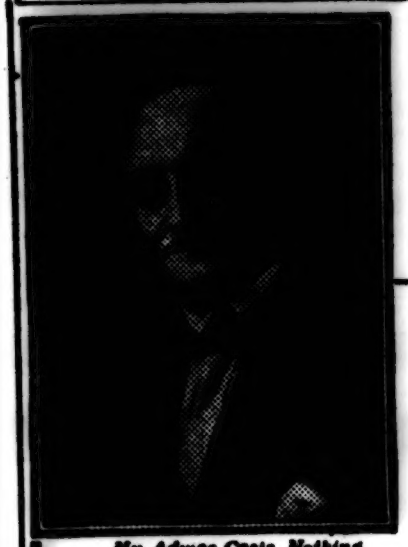
H. R. L. M. (Yeovil).—"The more I see of other competitions, the more I think of 'Bullets.'" And the more you think of "Bullets" this week the more likely you are to win that £1,000

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

*Closing days of a great offer!*

**A 10/6 Pen (complete with clip) for 3/6 and a chance to win £3,000**

See page 26.



*My Advice Costs Nothing.*

***Can I help you?***

**I WILL GIVE YOU £50**

if I fail to produce over 7,000 testimonials from others I have helped to

**A SUCCESSFUL CAREER**

Yours to success J. B. Bennett

*Every man is the architect of his own fortune!* If you are not in a trade, learn one; if you are already in a trade or profession, reach the top of it.

**ARE YOU QUALIFIED for the JOB YOU SEEK?**

WE TEACH BY POST | ADVICE FREE. Most Moderate Charges. Payable Monthly. | LEARN A TRADE OR PROFESSION

*Write for one of our FREE BOOKLETS on any of the following subjects:—*

Architectural Draughtsmanship, Building Construction, Clerk of Works' Duties, Aviation, Boiler Engineering, Boiler Making, Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Concrete and Steel Draughtsmanship, Electricity, Engineering, Foundry Work, Industrial Psychology, Marine Engineering, Mathematics, Mechanics, Metallurgy, Mining, Mine Surveying, Motor Engineering, Naval Architecture, Pattern Making, Salesmanship, Sanitation, Shipbuilding, Structural Engineering, Surveying & Levelling, Telegraphy & Telephony, Wireless Telegraphy, special Course for Apprentices

If you have any ambition tell me what it is and let me advise you free.

We specialise in all exams. connected with technical subjects. If you are preparing for any exam. ask our advice. All particulars free of charge. Parents should seek our advice for their sons. If you are interested in any of the subjects mentioned above, write, naming the subject, and we will send you our FREE BOOKLET. Please state your age. (Courses specially construed to meet all requirements.)

Established over 25 Years.

Bennett's Correspondence Colleges

Department 34.

**No. 1**

Of a Great New

**Super-Sevenpenny Magazine**

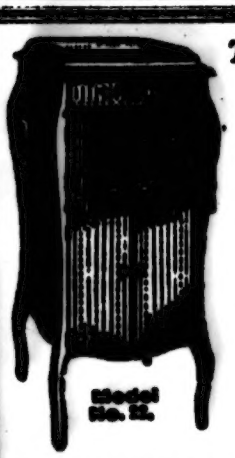
Out on

**JAN. 20th.**

Order your copy of

**ROMANCE**

**NOW!**



Model No. 22.

*The* **Orchestraphone**

**furnishes the home with entertainment all the year round**

Powerful, mellow, and clear, the "*Orchestraphone*" brings a new world of happiness wherever it goes. It's perfect rendering of the infinite subtleties of tone and the all-round excellence of workmanship embodied throughout pronounce the "*Orchestraphone*" to be the masterpiece of gramophone construction.

Best materials and workmanship only employed. All motors are double spring, wormdriven, and standardised all over the world.

**GIVEN FREE** with each cabinet model is a record Repeater which re-plays records automatically. A boon for Dances.

Handsome Inlaid Sheraton Model. Mahogany finish. Plays 3 records once winding.

**£7 10s.** Carr. paid U.K. Hgt. 3 ft. 6 in. Width 18 in. Depth 20 in.

**ORDER TO-DAY** or write at once for free booklet No. 34, showing all our table and cabinet models.

Record Repeater, to fit any gramophone **5/6** post free.

Model No. 22.

7 Days' approval Money refunded if not satisfied.

Model No. 21, Chippendale, carved Design, very handsome.

£7 10s. Carr. Paid U.K.

Fine decision Model in Solid Oak, a really beautiful instrument.

**£10** Carr. paid U.K. Height, 3 ft. Width, 3 ft. Depth, 20 in. Plays 3 records once winding.

Buy from the Makers who give 2 years' guarantee.

**Orchestraphone Co.**

SHIPTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD, OXFORD.

**What to Take for Disordered Stomach**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. *They end the misery of Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

**Do You Suffer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS?**

If so, please note that Potter's Asthma Cure never fails to give sweet and instant relief. Do you say "Is this possible?" Our answer is, "Prove it," by immediately sending for our Free Trial.

**POTTER'S Asthma Cure**

gives comfortable days and restful nights. Makes life worth living and enables you to follow your daily occupation without fear of breakdown. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Good also for Croup, Whooping Cough and Lung troubles. Free from opiates and neither causes headache nor bad after-effects.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/3 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

*Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.*

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

**Sign this Form to-day**

and post to address above.

Name.....

Address.....

JOHN BULL.

GET IT FREE!
Send a postcard now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK
It's packed with the names of Furniture in Jewels, 9ct.
Watches & Plate at next to Factory Prices.
with lists of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers.
Diamond & Ruby Crossover, 30/-
WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK.
H. SAMUEL,
189, MARKET ST., Manchester.
POCKET WATCH
Handsome Flat Watch Highly polished Nickel Case, reliable jewelled movement, accurately timed and adjusted. 7/6

The **Burning Fire of ECZEMA**

**Germolene Soothed at once, and Rapidly Cured.**

Germolene soothes at a touch, allays skin irritation and inflammation, and quickly drives out the disease and heals the tissue because it is aseptic. There is certain hope in Germolene even if other things have failed.

Mr. Thomas McDougall, 2, Glenochle Place, Falkirk, N.B., was a victim of terrible eczema which covered his arms. His condition was unaffected by the many preparations which he tried, but Germolene soothed at once and quickly cured.

**PUT GERMOLENE ON IT!**

*Of all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-*

**Germolene**

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

**New Life Free**

to Weak, Weary, Run-down, Nervous, Pallid, Exhausted, Depressed Men and Women. Thyroid GLANDETS ensure speedy, lasting restoration of Youth, Health, Energy, Strength, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. Great Discovery. No Drugs, but life-giving gland extracts. Prescribed by leading Physicians. Free Trial for postcard. Write to-day. Pentrol Productions Ltd 97, St. Albans

**If you own a Dog**

you *must* read

**"HINTS TO DOG OWNERS"**

(127 pages illustrated)

**Price 3d. Post Free**

*WRITE TO-DAY enclosing 3d. in stamps*

**A. F. SHERLEY & CO., LTD.**
46-48, Borough High St., London, S.E.1.

CATCH THE NEXT POST!

# JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT

*Special Note:* This offer may not appear again. The response to our last announcement was phenomenal. Don't let this great opportunity slip through your fingers.

## A 10/6 Pen

*(Complete with Clip)*

## for 3/6

**and a 2/6 Ballot Ticket Free!! Giving you the opportunity to win £3,000!**

A half-guinea Pen for 3s. 6d.; a 2s. 6d. Ballot Ticket Free; a chance to win £3,000. This is our New Year's surprise to our readers!

Here is your opportunity to procure a Pen (including clip) for only 3s. 6d., which in workmanship, smooth writing qualities and all round efficiency, coupled with a matchless 14 ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give you just as lasting and satisfactory service as the half-guinea article.

To this magnificent pen bargain is added a 2s. 6d. Ballot Ticket FREE and the chance to win £3,000!

The offer: Get a 10s. 6d. JOHN BULL Pen (including clip) for 3s. 6d. and we will purchase on your behalf a 2s. 6d. Ticket in the Great Poster Ballot. Accept the Ticket Free! With your Ticket will be sent particulars of a fascinating and simple competition wherein you are offered £3,000 for simply placing ten posters in what you think will be their popular order of merit. Other prizes: 2nd Prize, £1,000, third, £350; fourth, £200; fifth, £100, and others from £10 to £1 —in all, £5,000!

*But the remaining Ballot Tickets will soon be all gone. Directly the last one is distributed the offer will be withdrawn. Fill up the coupon now and then drop it in the nearest pillar box. To-morrow may be too late.*

*Every Pen guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied. The Coupon brings both the Pen, complete with clip, and the Voting Ticket. Offer applies only to readers in the British Isles.*

## New Year Gift Coupon.

*To JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Please send me a 10/6 Pen, complete with clip, for 3/6, fitted with broad, medium, fine nib (cross out grade not required). I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/9 (which includes 3d. extra for postage and insurance). Please include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT and full particulars.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 13.1.23


# THE SHOP WINDOW

The proprietors of Oxo issue a puzzle consisting of 25 small triangles which have to be formed into one large triangle. This is not so easy as it seems. The Puzzle will be sent to any of our readers who follow the instructions in the advertisement.

The Hospitals Competition will shortly be closing. Those who have not entered should apply early on the coupon accompanying the advertisement.

"Hints to Dog Owners," containing 127 pages, illustrated, is sent, post free, for 3d. stamps by A. F. Shirley and Co.

The trouble with the gramophone is that it usually stops just when a dance is getting interesting. A Record Repeater which replays records automatically, is given free to purchasers of the Orchestraphone.

S. A. Barry and Co have sent us a calendar in three colours showing Harry Lauder, Georges Carpentier and Jock Rutherford in their Barry clothes. These are being sent to all Barry customers who apply for them.

"Save the tin and have it refilled 3d. per lb. cheaper." is an interesting point in the Jager's Treacle advertisement on the front cover.

The West Hat Grip does away with the sloppy appearance of the usual soft felt hat. This interesting patent is only 1s. 6d., post free.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" are worthy of their name, and contain a number of interesting trade offers.

Dobbie and Co., Ltd., of Edinburgh, have sent us a handsome catalogue which they offer free, and we have also received an interesting price list from H. N. Ellison of West Bromwich.

We have often made reference to extravagant, and unreliable bargain bale offers (which we, naturally, do not permit to appear in JOHN BULL. But we are glad to testify to the value of the 30s. bale offered by Horby Bros. in this issue.

**K.C. Knife Cleaner Competition.**

The result of this was omitted from our issue of January 6th. The number of K.C. Knife Cleaners sold during December was 140,855. The nearest forecast was sent by Miss Mary Burton, Netherbury, Dorset, whose figure was 139,837.

## STAR OF FORTUNE

THE entries for this Competition have been so enormous that Mr. Edgar Wallace and his adjudicators have not, at the time of going to press, been able to complete their final lists of awards. In the meantime, our readers will be interested to see a reproduction in miniature of the key solution to the Puzzle.

The full lists of awards will be completed and published in our issue dated January 20th, and in the meantime all successful competitors have been notified by post.


## WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

***Household Benefits.***

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each or loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250—in respect of each of loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees under similar circumstances.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum sent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

***Accidents in Home & Garden.***

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

***Emergency Benefit.***

Smallpox—£3 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox.

CUT HERE

J.B. 13.1.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date .....

One 1d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13.1.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

# WHY HE FAILED

WE have been taken to task by a correspondent who doubts the thoroughness of the judging; he says, "I sent in an excellent 'Bullet' and many of my friends agree that I should have won a big prize." It was pointed out recently that "Bullets" which look like winners in the family circle may fail through the examples being used in too obvious a way. This leads to duplication, as in the case of our correspondent's line. It *must* be remembered that many brains are concentrated on varying methods of dealing with any single example. Here is a line which failed :—

"A Long Stocking—Necessary for Modern Fashion."

An outsider might consider that judges who had passed over this line had been caught napping. But the double meaning inspired by the display of long stockings in modern dress and the long stocking saving reference was found by many competitors, who sent in the "Bullet" in many similar forms.

## RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 469.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £250:**

**MR. R. JEFFERY,**
**29, Trafalgar Grove, Greenwich, S.E.10.**
Example :—TRANQUILLITY
Bullet :—MANY "SEEK RIVER" FOR.

**SECOND PRIZE OF £20:**

**MR. CHARLES JENNER,**
**28, Suffolk Road, Ponders End, Enfield.**
Example :—KISSING
Bullet :—PLEASURE—UNTIL IT'S DUTY.

**THIRD PRIZE OF £10:**

**MR. H. S. PEMBERTON, 19, Stafford Street, Leicester.**
Example :—BETWEEN FRIENDS
Bullet :—CHANNEL "FOG" QUITE ENOUGH.

**10 Prizes of £5 each:**

GEORGE H. CRICK, 49, Stuart Road, Wimbledon Park:
DOUBTFUL—WAR DEBTS BEING "REMITTED."
Miss BEATRICE B. COOKE, 17, Greenhill Avenue, Allerton, Liverpool:
GOOD RESULTS—DIRECTORS DIRECTING—WORKERS WORKING.
JAMES DAVIS, 134, Wood Street, Walthamstow, E.17:
IN TWO MINDS—VEGETARIAN OFFERED BLOOD ORANGE.
ROBERT ALEXANDER, 7, Heriot Mount, Edinburgh.
BACK AND FRONT—GERMAN "HIDES" "THICK 'UNS."
WILLIAM MORAN, 92, Stephens Green, Dublin.
NO GOOD—TEMPER, BUT KEEP IT.
L. E. ROGERS, 85, Mortimer Street, Trowbridge, Wilts:
WHEN DUSTMAN CALLS—LABOUR'S "DIGNITY'S" BETTER UNDERSTOOD.
H. MATTHEWS, 112, Ferndale Road, Clapham, S.W.4:
ON THIN ICE—APPEARING, UP GOES COAL.
Mrs. C. GREENING, 32, Prickley Road, Sheffield:
WHEN ASKED—"TICKLISH" QUESTION, MINISTERS "IRRITATED."
F. C. SEYMOUR, 4, Beaconsfield Road, Southport, Lancs:
AS OTHERS SEE US—EITHER FOOLISH OR LUCKY.
J. C. DOUGLAS, 59, Arthur Road, Brixton, S.W.9:
BLAMELESS LIFE—MAKES DEATH WORTH WHILE.

**10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:**

G. W. EDWARDS, 1, Somerset Road, Newport, Mon.:
LATEST ARRIVAL—"LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE."
Mrs. N. POOLE, 66, Beacon Hill Road, Newark, Notts:
NASTY JAR—WHEN "COUPLINGS" AREN'T "FLEXIBLE."
G. W. STYLES, 30, Twilley Street, Wandsworth, S.W.18:
TRANQUILLITY—SLOGAN FOR SLOW GANG.
Mrs. M. MOORES, 51, Penny Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
DOUBTFUL—ASYLUM TREATMENT MAKES CERTAIN.
ALBERT JORDAN, Blean Forge, Canterbury.:
ACTING THE GOAT—TO MUSIC. CALLED REVUE.
S. G. HATHWAY, 14, Belle Vue, Clifton, Bristol.
PLEASING MAID—HAS ADMIRERS "IN FORCE."
Mrs. E. THOMAS, 64, Portland Street, Norwich:
ON A VISIT—LLOYD GEORGE TO OPPOSITION.
F. ALLEN, 6, Ninth Avenue, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
ON THIN ICE—CURZON, IF WE'D DISARMED.
Mrs. A. SILCOCK, Springbank Terrace, Reservoir Road, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire:
LATEST ARRIVAL—"BET IT'S A GIRL."
H. IVETT, 144, Russell Road, Nottingham:
NO GOOD—BULLYING LONDON INTO VIRTUE.

**LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 472.**

BONAR LAW'S WAY
BY AIR
A GOOD RESOLUTION
WHAT FRANCE WANTS
PAY DAY
LONDON TO BERLIN
MODERN BOY
A ROYAL TIME
EASILY DONE
A MAN'S JOB
WANTED
A MOUTHFUL
MATTER OF INTEREST
POOR FATHER
IN HER PLACE
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY
AT THE PICTURES
WRONG NUMBER
FREE
IN A TEMPER
A MEMORY
HOLDING THE BABY
ALL SEASONS
ON THE HORIZON
HAPPY LOT
BACK TO SCHOOL
BIG HOME
RICH AND POOR
CHANGING TIMES
ONE OF THE BEST
WHY SHE LEFT
FUNNY
A LONG LANE
CHILD'S PLAY
SOONER OR LATER
WHEN IN LOVE
SUPPORTING A FAMILY
WELL WRAPPED UP
IN THE ZOO

**"BULLETS" RULES.**

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

**"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.**

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you : Example :—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet : WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

**ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 472, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.**

Closing Date, Thursday, January 25.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(472) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 25.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(472) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 25.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(472) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 25.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(472) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 472.**

SILENT STAGE—BLESSING IN DISGUISE—CALL AGAIN—JUST AS WELL—PETTISH GIRL—FULL SPEED AHEAD—SILVER LINING—COME TO STAY—DEARLY—BAD TASTE—AFTER A SPELL—ASSURANCE—RAISING THE WIND—NOT GUILTY—IN A HURRY—FAT LOT—BIT BY BIT—A NEW TIE—JUST LIKE FATHER—NEVER TOO LATE.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1st. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 472 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 472, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 472.

List of Ten-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 469 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

# Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

## FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

**The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.**

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

## Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

*From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.*

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

## Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

## Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY.

## Free Information Coupon.

**Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.**
**(1763L) 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.**

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

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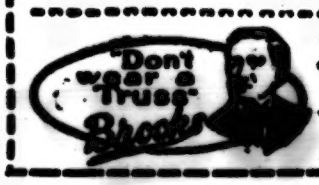


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Please write plainly.

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